THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. LXV 5 — E. J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor. $1.50 per year in advance

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, DECEMBER 26th, 1926.

Historical Society

Send Your Deposits by Mail

THOSE who find it more convenient to do their banking by mail, will find that the co-operative services of this Bank meet all requirements. Write our nearest branch to-day and arrange to do your banking by mail. You will save the trouble of frequent trips to town.

THE
DOMINION BANK
NAPANEE BRANCH,

C. WAITE, Manager.

FOR SALE—Chevrolet Touring Car in first class condition. E. L. BEDORE. 25

WANTED—Office desk and office safe. Apply EXPRESS PRINTING HOUSE.

FOR SALE—Horse and single set of harness. Apply G. VINCENT, Carter, Napanee.

FOR SALE—Barrels suitable for packing pork. Apply DOUGLAS & CO., Dundas street. 51

FOR SALE—One hundred acre farm, five miles from Picton on county road, close to church, school and cheese factory. Good buildings, good land, spring watered pasture, about six acres of wood. Price reasonable. Apply to IRVIN UNGER, Elmbrook. Ont. 45-tf

CREAM WANTED—Mr. Farmer! Ship your Cream to the Bowes Company, Toronto, and secure the highest prices being paid. We supply cans on request. We pay charges f.o.b. shipping point. We remit promptly for each shipment. Give us a trial. Why sell the whole milk when you can realize as much for the fat and have the skim milk for feeding at home. Think it over and write us for cans.

Surveying and Engineering
T. H. WIGGINS, O.L.S.
Ontario Land Surveyor.
Municipal Engineering.
Drainage Engineering.
Subdivisions, Plans, Etc.
NAPANEE, ONT.
Phone 385. Box 139.
15tf

INSURANCE
For Fire Insurance try
ALFRED McCUTCHEON,
Roblin.
A number of companies to choose from.
Office:
Residence, Roblin, Main Street.
27-tf

FRED RUSSELL
Dealer in HAY AND GRAIN
East Street, Napanee
'Phone 406

DOXSEE & CO.

We make a special display of Ladies' Silk Lingerie, Bloomers, Step-ins, Vests, Slips, Combination of Brassiere and Bloomers in all the light shades, including black.

SCARFS
A choice collection in Crepe de Chene and Georgette.
Prices Moderate

HANDKERCHIEFS
Crepe de Chene, Georgette and Organdy, beautiful designs, hand-painted and cut work.
Prices 25c., 50c., 75c., 90c.

NOVELTIES
Powder Puffs, Fancy Ribbon and Lace Trimmed Garters, French Dolls, Sachets, etc.

FLOWERS
Hand made, in Velvet, Metal, Silk and Crepe, in all the light shades, suitable for coats, furs and dresses.

The Leading Millinery House

Men's and Boys'
SUITS and OVERCOATS
Clearing at a Discount of
20%
Women's Four Buckle Goloshes $2.95
W.W.ADAMS
Merchant Tailor.
Men's and Boys' Wear
Newburgh, - Ont.

WANTED—To hear from owner Farm for Sale. State cash price. D. F. BUSH, Minneapolis, Minn. 4-e

FOR SALE OR TO LET—Modern new home on Alma Ave. 4 rooms and bath, electric light, etc. Apply ARTHUR CLARK. 46

FARMS FOR SALE—Archie Howie 50 acres; Harry B. Young, 70 acres; George Clancy, 50 acres; Dan Gray, 150 acres. JNO. WILSON. 5-ap

FOR SALE—Two storey brick dwelling, modern conveniences, newly decorated, garage. Apply to U. M. WILSON, Solicitor, Napanee, Ontario. 27-tf

FOUND—In front of Royal Bank, Bank, Napanee, Jackknife. Owner may have same by calling at the Napanee Express Office and paying for this ad.

FOR SALE OR RENT—A very commodious house and lot with all modern conveniences, situate in South Napanee. Apply to T. B. GERMAN. 41

FOR SALE OR TO LET—In Adolphustown, 200 acres more or less. Possession December 1st. Privilege to plow after this harvest. Apply U. M. WILSON, Napanee. 37

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

FOR SALE—Southeast quarter of Lot Number eight, in the fourth concession of Richmond, owned by Percy Snyder, 50 acres. Known as part Nelson Russell Farm. Apply to T. B. GERMAN, Napanee, Ont. 43

FOR SALE

A farm of exceptional reputation, being the old homestead farm of the late Mr. Zina Ham, and situate in the Township of South Fredericksburg, known to be perhaps the choicest agricultural district in this or the surrounding counties. This farm is described in the deed as 155 acres, but a surveyor's measurement placed the acreage at 170. All work land of a very choice quality, exceptionally well drained, well watered and cultivated. Good land out. Situate on this farm is a very fine brick residence with hardwood floors, throughout, excellent cellar with perfect drainage and cement bottom and a good furnace, also a good tenant house, good barns and also a new mill for watering stock and a new silo, stables, drive house, pig pen and hen house; farm exceptionally clean and totally free of herrick or wild mustard. In addition to the consumption of a large family, this farm will yield a return for the present season of considerably over $4000.00. The farm is situate within ½ mile of the Lansdowne Road which is becoming almost equal in perfection to the Napanee and Kingston highway, giving a splendid road to the lake, which is about three miles distant and to the Lake Shore road leading to Kingston and Glenora, and also within seven miles of Napanee. This farm is extensively known throughout the district for its production of high grade seed grain and the demand for that product has become almost sufficient to consume the entire crop. This can be verified by a reference to the agricultural office at Napanee.

This farm is in excellent producing condition at present, which can also be corroborated by a reference to the said agricultural office at Napanee, which office is exceptionally well in touch with this particular farm.

The farm is owned by the estate of the late W. G. Schell, whose recent death has caused it to be placed upon the market and for the sake of quick sale will be sold on favourable terms.

For further particulars apply to T. B. German, Barrister, Napanee, Ont., or to the widow, Mrs. W. G. SCHELL, on the premises. 5-d

ALL IN FOUR WORDS

The lecturer at Mount Olivet African Baptist church had just cleared his throat, rearranged his necktie and pulled down his vest, preparatory to starting in on his lecture entitled "Women."

"Woman is, generally speaking," he began leisurely, but was interrupted by a wizened, dried-up, hen-pecked little "yaller" man in the audience.

"You c'n stop right there, Brother," the heckler began. "Effen yo' was to talk until t'morrow mawn' yo' couldn't come no nearer describin' 'em."

VOTE FOR
FRANK S. BOYES
FOR REEVE FOR 1927

ELECT
GEO. J. TUSTIN
For Reeve for 1927
And a Town Administration with a forward look.

Re-elect
SIMPSON
for 1927 Council

FOR COUNCILLOR FOR 1927

WILLIAM HOWITT

would again ask the Electors of Napanee, both Ladies and Gentlemen, for their support as a member of the Council.

ELECT
GEO. W. PAUL
FOR COUNCILLOR FOR 1927

Good business for the Town for 1927 is the word.

ELECTORS OF NAPANEE

If my past services on the Council-Board have met with your approval, I would ask for a renewal of your confidence for Councillor for 1927.

FRED A. PERRY.

VOTE FOR
THOS. H. HUFFMAN
FOR COUNCILLOR
FOR 1927

ELECTORS OF NAPANEE

Ladies and Gentlemen:

I wish to announce that I am again a Candidate for Councillor for 1927. If elected I will endeavor to work for the best interests of the town.

Wishing you the Compliments of the Season.

W. H. DUNBAR.

ELECTORS OF NAPANEE

Ladies and Gentlemen:

Having been nominated for Councillor for the year 1927, I ask for your Support and Influence, and if elected, will stand four square for the town's interest the same as I have done the past year regarding Economy and Improvements.

Wishing you all a Very Happy and Prosperous New Year,

Respectfully yours,
J. H. FITZPATRICK.

VOTE FOR
W. J. JEWELL
FOR COUNCILLOR
FOR 1927

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE TOWN OF NAPANEE

Ladies and Gentlemen:

I hereby respectfully solicit your Vote and Influence for Councillor for the year 1927.

If elected I promise to fulfill the duties imposed upon me in a strictly business manner, having in view solely the welfare of the town.

Wishing you all the Compliments of the Season, I remain,

Yours faithfully,
A. S. KIMMERLY.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE TOWNSHIP OF RICHMOND

Ladies and Gentlemen:

Your Vote and Influence respectfully solicited for the office of Reeve for the year 1927.

Thanking you in advance, I am,

Yours respectfully,
A. C. FUMMON.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE TOWNSHIP OF NORTH FREDERICKSBURGH

I am a Candiadte for REEVE for the Township of North Fredericksburgh for the year 1927, and there is a report being circulated that the 1926 Council has placed a debt on the Township, and I think it only fair to the electors to give them a statement of how the finances of the township stood a year ago, and how they stand to-day. The statement I am giving is certified to be correct by the Manager of the Dominion Bank, where the accounts of the Township are kept.

Jan. 1, 1926, bal. in bank and taxes to be collected $6158.91

Dec. 24, 1926, bal. in bank, and taxes to be collected $3727.80
Government subsidy, & machinery purchased this year, and subsidy on work done on highway ..... $ 2800.00

Total $6527.80

Balance in favor of 1926 Council ..... $ 368.89

And all the machinery purchased and owned by the township is paid for.

J. W. CLARK.

BAY CIRCUIT.

The spirit of Christmas is seen and felt everywhere these days.

We are enjoying ideal weather and there is both excellent sleighing and wheeling.

Four of the five churches have had splendid Christmas Tree Entertainments. Sand Hill started with only a short time for practice and held their entertainment on Friday evening, Dec. 17th. They had a full house and the program was a great delight to all.

Gretna Church came next on Monday, the 20th. Their entertainment was a Golden Jpubilee Celebration, the corner stone of the church having been laid in 1876, Rev. S. Might as pastor and Messrs. Paul Howell, Elias Mellow, William Hambly, William Burnip, Richard Baker, William Mellow and John Hough, building committee. At this 50th anniversary only three persons, Miss Maria Hough, Mrs. Albert Sills and John Mellow, could be found who were at the first anniversary. Every part of the program was good, but the two pantomines were among the best we ever saw or heard. The gallery and body of the church was filled with an enthusiastic and happy audience.

Bethany Church followed with their entertainment on the 21st. The house was packed to the door and the Bethany young people lived up to their reputation and gave a program which was second to none. Mr. Will Goodman makes a splendid chairman.

The final entertinment was held in Hay Bay church on Dec. 22nd. Possibly the largest crowd ever seen in the church at one time gathered early in the evening, packing the church to its utmost capacity. Here again the program was everything that could be desired. If there was one item that should be mentioned as outstanding among the many outstanding items, it was Santa Claus. Mr. Parker made the best Santa Claus we ever saw, delighting every one but especially the children.

The highly delightful and entertaining programs must be credited to our efficient Public School Teachers, Miss Marshall, Miss Joyce, Miss Phillips, Miss Frisken and Mrs. W. Bell. Some families of the circut attended all four entertainments and many families attended three of them.

A small fee was charged at the door to adults and the receipts from the four entertainments amounted to over $160.00.

The Flower Shop.
Wedding and funeral designs a specialty. 'Phone 34, John St.

NAPANEE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

REPORT FOR NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER.

A.—40 % in each subject and 75% of total.
B.—40% in each subject and 60% of total.
C.—Less than 40% in a subject or 60% of total.
Names in each class in order of merit.
Those marked * absent for one or more examination.

SR. IV.

A.—F. Fellows, M. Reddick, D. Coakwell, M. Galbraith, M. Irvine, J. McDonald.
B.—H. Loucks, M. Walters, H. Lucas, J. Baird, B. Davy, E. Fox, (R. Wilson, M. Merriam, B. Miller equal), E. Joy, L. Walters, M. Richardson, G. Clarke, M. Denison, B. Mills, A. Knox, A. Thompson, M. Stinson, H. Harrigan, Jetta Thompson, Eyvel Loucks.
C.—Ed. Loucks, J. Archer, L. VanLuven, A. Johnston, W. Benn, H. McGraw, June Thompson, Z. Kellar, D. Hagan, *P. Ford, J. Hilder, W. Hart, A. Hayes, E. Fitchett.

JR. IV.

A.—J. Garratt, H. Savage.
B.—B. Milsap, J. LeMaistre; G. Plumley, G. Howitt, L. Fraser.
C.—M. Evans, G. Chambers, O. Barrager, H. Butcher, B. Thompson, E. Jennings, E. Fox, D. Archer, A. Walters, E. Thompson, M. Roney, B. Webb, Wm. Howitt, H. Evans, J. Hawley, J. Houston, G. Seymour, E. Drake, B. Vaulkman, M. Seymour, B. Moore, A. Myers, N. Kerr, F. Ford, D. Embury, J. Irvine, A. Baker, L. McCullough, F. Manion, A. Young, I. Garrison, equal; Ina Powell, A. Babcock, G. Brown, and E. Fitchett, equal; C. Huffman, M. McMillan, E. Taylor, F. Sager, M. Turner, A. VanLuven equal.

SR. III.

A.—D. Loyst, M. Drake, B. Denison, R. Hyland, A. Benn, C. Hewitt, B. Hyland.
B.—R. McIlwaine, J. Curry, E. Reddick, J. Roney, J. Anderson, L. Cowle, A. Lewis, R. LeMaistre, M. Sculthorpe, K. Savage, F. Fox, H. Barrett, E. Reid, C. Cassidy.
C.—R. Russell, D. VanDusen, J. Cooke, V. Vincent, J. Thompson, M. Owen, E. Richardson, G. Leary, H. Hearns, E. Deschane, *L. Wilson, E. Hewitt.
M. Thompson equal. A. Holder missed the examinations.

SR. III.

A.—B. Boyle, R. Todd, H. Norris, L. VanLuven.
B.—M. Robinson, C. Fellows.
C.—H. Benn, E. Merriam, D. Graham, M. Snider, D. Moore, J. Cooke, G. Poste, E. Cooke.

JR. III.

A.—M. O'Neill, P. Todd.
B.—D. Wood, F. Babcock, L. Taylor, A. Deschane, E. Storms, F. Lucas.
C.—E. LeMaistre, A. Huffman, G. Stevenson, C. Harnden, *E. Conger, *F. Hawley.
J. Storey missed all examinations.

JR. III.—A.

A.—G. White, D. Trumpour.
B.—G. Walker, D. Laughland, G. Walters, B. Templeton, E. Pearson and R. VanSlyke equal; R. Morden and B. Warner equal; F. Coakwell, H. Bedore, R. Stalker, B. Thompson, M. Metcalfe, C. Hellems.
C.—I. Markle, D. Knapp, D. McGee, G. Curry, I. Thompson, I. Symmonds, F. Fretts, W. Smith, E. Fraser, M. Plumley, K. Murphy, G. Boyes, M. Ross, *L. Markle, B. Grant, L. Thompson, *B. McMillan, *R. Wheeler.

SECOND CLASS.

A.—G. Hagan, G. Curry, B. Reddick, Jno. O'Connor, I. Murphy, F. Cooke.
B.—F. McLaughlin, J. Turner, B. Gowling, H. Derby, L. Taylor, B. Holder, L. Ballard, A. Cornwall, D. Brown, B. Webster, G. White, equal; G. Reddick, W. Kellar, B. Rhyndress, B. VanAlstine, M. VanLuven, G. Barrett.
C.—M. Fretts, B. Babcock, M. Fretts, I. Jackson, B. Evans, R. VanAlstine, R. Archer, L. Loucks, R. Morden, A. Kellar, L. Roy, E. Wells, J. Todd, I. McFarland, G. Griffin.

FIRST BOOK.

A.—Ruth Woodger, Grace Markle, Robert Paul.
B.—Dorothy Cowling, Ruth Edgar, Dora Hewitt, Isabel McGee, Annie Hearns, Laverne O'Connor, Jean Clarke, Maxine Irvine.
C.—Dorothy Owen, Aileen Reddick, Georgina Vick, *Norman Root, Robert Garrison, Keith Sprung, Charles Donald.
Every part of Dorothy MacDonald, M. Thompson, Harry Benn, Elizabeth Jackson, Jean Vanalstine, Thelma Kerr, Fletcher Vick, Doris Turner, Howard Fretts, *Gerald Russell, Bertha Grange, Mary McIlwaine, Vivian Cowan, *Billy Wells, *Doris McMillan, *Jean Gilbride, *Frances Markle, Doug-

Continued on page 4.)

UNITED WEEK OF PRAYER

Napanee Churches are to have a united special week of Prayer and Meditation, which will be held from January 3rd to 9th inclusively. The following programme has been arranged:—

Monday January 3rd, in St. Andrews, subject "Christianity and the Individual."

Tuesday, January 4th, in Grace subject "Christianity and the Home."

Wednesday, January 5th, in Trinity, subject "Christianity and the Local Church."

Thursday, January 6th, at S. A. Citadel, subject "Christianity and the Nation."

Friday, January 7th, in St. Andrew's, subject "Christianity and the World."

Atwater Kent Radios. Get yours at Gibbard's.

NOMINATION MEETING

In the Town Hall on Monday evening, the usual nomination meeting brought out a surprising umber of nominations for each office except Utilities Commissioner, which goes to Mr. T. B. Wallace by acclamation.

For School Trustees in East Ward Mr. Geo. Gibbard was unanimously elected as was also Mr. C. A. Walters in Centre Ward.

Following is the list of Nominees:

For Mayor—
Geo. J. Tustin—Proposed by A. E. Paul, seconded by J. A. Vandewater.
Geo. J. Tustin—Proposed by B. Huyck, seconded by W. G. Paul.
F. S. Boyes—Proposed by A. MacGregor, seconded by E. J. Pollard.
E. J. Roy—Proposed by S. W. Huffman, seconded by W. J. Jewell.
J. M. Simpson—Proposed by G. Drew, seconded by J. B. Willoughby.

For Reeve—
Fred A. Perry—Proposed by J. W. Thompson, seconded by Geo. Grieve.
J. M. Simpson—Proposed by W. H. Boyle, seconded by W. J. Jewell.
Geo. J. Tustin—Proposed by A. E. Paul, seconded by J. A. Vandewater.
Geo. J. Tustin—Proposed by E. O. Unger, seconded by F. B. Carscallen.
Geo. J. Tustin—Proposed by O. T. Sculthorpe, seconded by Jas. A. Wilson.
Charles Hartley Lapum—Proposed by J. W. Thompson, seconded by F. S. Boyes.
Geo. W. Paul—Proposed by D. L. Greene, seconded by F. A. Perry.
F. S. Boyes—Proposed by G. A. Wiseman, seconded by R. I. VanLuven.

For Councillors—
Fred A. Perry—Proposed by W. G. Paul, seconded by D. L. Green.
W. J. Jewell—Proposed by W. H. Boyle, seconded by B. F. Davy.
W. M. Howitt—Proposed by Jno. Frisken, seconded by W. H. Dunbar.
Wm. H. Dunbar—Proposed by A. E. Paul, seconded by J. M. Graham.
J. M. Simpson—Proposed by D. McClew, seconded by J. M. Graham.
Arthur S. Kimmerly—Proposed by A. MacGregor, seconded by E. J. Pollard.
John Milner Simpson—Proposed by A. E. Caton, seconded by G. S. Reid.
A. MacGregor—Proposed by J. B. Willoughby, seconded by J. M. Graham.
Charles Hartley Lapum—Proposed by Desmore Davis, seconded by J. W. Thompson.
F. S. Boyes—Proposed by C. H. Lapum, seconded by Fred Knapp.
A. MacGregor—Proposed by F. S. Boyes, seconded by C. Waite.
J. H. Fitzpatrick—Proposed by C. W. Mambly, seconded by C. H. Lapum.
T. H. Huffman—Proposed by F. A. Perry, seconded by F. Maracle.
W. G. Paul—Proposed by D. A. Garrison, seconded by T. H. Huffman.
C. N. Loucks—Proposed by D. A. Garrison, seconded by T. H. Huffman.

Public Utilities—
T. B. Wallace—Proposed by E. J. Pollard, seconded by J. M. Simpson.

School Trustees—
East Ward—G. W. Gibbard—Proposed by W. T. Mackenzie, seconded by H. E. Boyle. Elected by acclamation.
West Ward—E. J. Pollard—Proposed by J. M. Simpson, seconded by T. H. Huffman; T. M. Galbraith—Proposed by H. Daly, seconded by W. J. Doller; Ed. Miller—Proposed by Ed. Roy, seconded by G. H. Anderson.
Centre Ward—C. A. Walters—Proposed by J. B. Willoughby, seconded by S. C. Baird. Elected by acclamation.

For Mayor, four names were put in nomination, with the probability of Mr. E. J. Roy receiving an acclamation.

For Reeve four names were proposed, and as Messrs. Tustin and Boyes have signified their acceptance, there will be a contest.

For Council thirteen names were submitted, but as the candidates have until 9 p.m. this evening to qualify, it is not known how many will remain in the field.

For School Trustee in West Ward, three names were submitted and there may be a contest.

Following the nomination meeting the usual public meeting was held with Mr. W. A. Grange as chairman.

A number of the aspirants for office made their bow to the electors. All the members of the old Council are in the field except Mr. MacGregor, and among the new nominees, Messrs. T. H. Huffman, Arthur Kimmerly and W. J. Jewell expressed their intention of remaining.

TOWNSHIP NOMINATIONS TELL HIM NOW

DENBIGH

For Reeve—Frank Rodger, Charles Both.
For Councillor—K. Gustav Adam, Lloyd Thompson, Albert Lockwood, Wm. Slater, Alex Jackson, Adolph Glaeser, Wm. Wagar, James Pringle.

TOWNSHIP OF RICHMOND

For Reeve—Chas. Anderson, Alfa McCutcheon, Root. Paul, Christie Kellar, S. French, A. C. Tuffmon, W. J. Gollinger.
For Councillor—Chas. Anderson, S. French, W. J. Gollinger, A. H. Oliver, C. Hartin, E. A. McCamus, Jas. Keech, J. Russell, J. Schermerhorn, M. H. Sexsmith, H. Windover, W. Wakeland, Geo. Brooks.

NORTH FREDERICKSBURGH.

For Reeve—J. A. Yeomans, J. W. Clarke.
For Councillors—Jas. Keech, Frank Sager, J. Perry, Elmer Alcombrack, Geo. Hawley, Roy Garrison, Edward Conger, Geo. Sexsmith, Stacey Vanalstine, F. Clarke, Herbert Chambers, W. C. Joyce, Geo. A. Johnston.

TOWNSHIP OF SHEFFIELD

For Reeve—Geo. Begley Young, acclamation.
For Council—Herbert York, P. J. Whalen, Daniel Hinchey, Dennis Kearns. All by acclamation.

AMHERST ISLAND.

The Council for Amherst Island was elected at Stella by acclamation on Tuesday. Mr. W. J. Glenn will be Reeve for 1927 and Messrs. B. H. Filson, R. M. Hitchins, W. A. Scott and R. B. Saunders will compose the Council.

VILLAGE OF NEWBURGH.
(Acclamation.)

For Reeve—G. Anson Ayleworth.
For Council—G. H. Bray, Chas. G. Walker, Ward R. Wartman, J. F. Lockwood.

'Phone 92 for clean coal—**VanLuven. We make it hot for you.**

COMING :- EVENTS

GOLF CLUB DANCE IN MASONIC Hall on Friday evening, December 31st.

SWASTIKA CLUB DANCE in new Foresters' Hall, Tustin block, Wednesday evening, Dec. 29th. Walters' orchestra.

BIMBO, AN ATTRACTIVE MUSICAL comedy, will be produced by "B" Co's Club, during January. About twenty-five girls and fifteen boys are required, together with the customary children's choruses, and all those who know of anyone who might enjoy taking part, are requested to notify J. L. Murray or G. L. Paul. Rehearsals will begin early in January.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY REV. C. G. TRUMBULL.
(Editor of The Sunday School Times).

THE CHRISTIAN A FOLLOWER OF JESUS

Sunday, Jan. 2—Mark 1 : 16-20; 2 :13-17 ; I. John, 2 : 6.

Golden Text—He.....said unto him, follow Me. And he arose and followed Him. (Mark 2 : 14).

There may be a parable in the few verses that introduce our lesson. The Lord Jesus Christ was walking by the sea of Galilee, and He saw two men, Simon and Andrew, "casing a net into the sea, for they were fishers. And Jesus said unto them, Come ye after Me, and I will make you to become fishers of men."

We know that the sea, in Scripture imagery, "stands for the populace, the mere unorganized mass of mankind." Here were two men at the business of "casting a net into the sea" ; unconsciously, they stood for that vast number of men who, in their own strength, are trying to get worthwhile results from the sea of humanity. "They were fishers," we read, and so have other men been, all down the ages : educators, philosophers, preachers and teachers of many sorts.

But they were without Christ, Wen He appears, He issues the challenge that, if they will follow Him, He will make them fishers of men.

There can be no worthwhile fishing without following Christ.

But there can be no following of Christ without faith in Him. Many have tried following without faith, and their following is futile. Sooner or later one will attempt to follow who finds that in his own strength he cannot. It takes the very life of Christ to follow Him ; but that life is God's gift to those who believe His Word about His Son, and who take Him as their Saviour. Then, and then only, can they follow.

As there is no following without Christ, there is no worthwhile fishing without following. "Without Me," said the same Lord to these same disciples later, "you can do nothing." (John 15 : 5).

But one who is really following Christ, because of full faith in Him, finds that he is supernaturally enabled to be a fisher of men, getting results that are nothing less than a miracle. For Christ works through such a one, and lays hold on the "fish" in power.

Luke tells us that, at another time the Lord said to Simon, "Thou shalt catch men." (Luke 5-10). It was when the Lord had just given the disciples a miraculous catch of fishes. The Greek word for "catch" here, occurs only twice in the entire New Testament, and "catch men" means literally "take men alive." The only other passage is II. Timothy 2 : 26, where we are told that we should seek to win men to Christ, that they may recover themselves out of the snare of the devil, who are taken captive (taken alive) by him at his will.

So men are either "taken alive" by Christ or "taken alive" by the devil ; the one unto eternal life ; the other unto eternal death. Christ offers to make us fishers of the first sort.

For the really follow Christ we are bound to be fishers of men. There is no following without fishing. Christ's own supreme mission is fishing for men ; and no one can follow Him who does not do this. Charlie Alexander, the singing evangelist, who "kept everlastingly at it" in winning souls, used to say that if a Christian was not winning souls to Christ it was because of sin in his life. We may rebel at this charge, but there is no getting away from the fact that it is in the Scriptures. Every follower is a fisherman ; if he is not a fisher of men he is not a follower.

But when they followed they forsook. "Straightway they forsook their nets and followed Him. Their nets meant their livework. They abandoned their own service to enter His. There is no following Christ without forsaking all.

Indeed, two other men were called to follow Christ at this time, James and John, and they even left their father in order to answer the call. Was that going to extremes ? Christ said : "There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake, and the Gospel's, but he shall receive an hundredfold now in this time.....with persecutions ; and in the world to come eternal life." (Mark 10 : 29, 30). Following Christ is a costly business—but the returns are greater than the cost.

Others than fishermen followed Christ in those days. Levi, or Matthew, a tax-gatherer, which was a despised occupation, and rightly, heard the great call and followed. And "many publicans and sinners..... followed Him."

The "chief scribes and Pharisees, who would not follow Christ, criticized this ; but the Lord replied, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Again : "They that are whole have no need of the physician, but they that are sick." The sin-sick follow Christ and are made well.

We are not likely to induce others to follow our Christ unless we let Him not only make us, but keep us well. Then they will want the health that they see in us.

Following Christ, and fishing for men, is a large undertaking. But he to whom we place our faith is more than equal to enabling us to follow and to fish in a way well pleasing to Him.

Africa's Dialects.

Travellers and explorers in Africa have much difficulty because of the great number of languages and dialects. Of the latter there is anywhere from 450 to 800, according to different authorities. Porters are changed every twenty miles or so because one set could not understand the dialect of the next district.

NEWCOMERS MAKING CANADA THEIR HOME

SENDING FOR RELATIONS TO JOIN THEM IN CANADA SAY CANADIAN NATIONAL OFFICIALS

Montreal, December 25th.—An increasing tendency on the part of new settlers to send for their relatives and friends to join them here, rather than look upon Canada as a place to make a stake and get out" is shown by the increase of what are termed "prepaids" in railway parlance, according to passenger and steamship traffic officials of the Canadian National Railways. At all ticket offices of the system, it is stated, it is easy for anyone in the Dominion to purchase a ticket, which will bring another person say from any part of Europe to any station in Ontario. The use of this method of bringing out relatives from the other side of the seas to Canada is steadily growing, and this is considered a healthy sign by traffic officials of the National railway.

Under the "prepaid" system, a man who has recently come to Canada, as a farm worker, for instance, can go to a Canadian National ticket agent, and by paying him the amount necessary for the passage, he issues the transportation of his wife, his family, or perhaps his intended wife, from any point in the old country to his home station in Canada. A constant growth in the use of this facility has been noted during recent seasons, and this is taken as an indication of the fact that the immigrants who have reached Canada during recent years have come here with the idea of making this their homes, and then sending for their relatives to come here and join them, rather than maintaining their homes in the country of their origin and finally landing after a few years to return, to those countries to settle down.

During the past season, in connection with the immigration, hundreds of persons were brought out by the prepaid system. In several cases, while families came from Europe to remain to join men who had come to Canada a year or two previously, engaged in farm work and then sent for their relatives. In other cases, men who had established themselves in the Dominion sent for their fathers and mothers, and brought them out to Canada under the prepaid ticket system to spend their declining days in the country of their son's adoption.

Another good feature of the present situation, it was pointed out by C. W. Johnston, Passenger Traffic Manager of the Canadian National System, is that through the excursion rates which are made effective for those who wish to spend their holidays overseas, many splendid settlers are brought to Canada by the returning holiday makers. This year, it was pointed out, there has been a large exodus of Western Canadians to European countries for the winter holidays. In a great may cases, the people who have gone overseas are men who have spent but a short time in Canada and are enjoying their first holiday at home. These men are the best immigration agents that Canada could have, and each spring sees a considerable movement from their old homes of their friends and acquaintances who have secured first hand information concerning Canada, and as a result are anxious to try their fortunes in the land where others whom they know have succeeded. A large number of the winter trippers also induce other members of their own families to return to Canada with them when the holiday season is finished, and each year, following a heavy winter movement of excursionists from Canada, there is a noticeable increase in this class of immigration toward the Dominion.

MINIMUM WAGES IN B.C.

Whole Community Must Benefit By This Scientific Adjustment.

A good deal of attention will be given by Canadian to the working out of the Minimum Wage Act in British Columbia, says the Montreal Weekly Star.

The principle of a minimum wage set by Governmental authority, was established by the passing of the Provincial Legislature, and generally accepted by the public with a fair degree of unanimity, as was the case also in other provinces.

In fact paternalism having been accepted in the field of labor by the passing and enforcement of the "Hours of Work Act" in 1923, the progression towards a minimum wage enactment came naturally, and may lead to complete Government control of industry.

On the third of November last the regulations governing wages in the forest industry were made public. British Columbia become law, increasing the minimum wage from $14 to $14.40 per week of forty-eight hours for experienced female workers, or to thirty cents an hour. For their first two months inexperienced female workers are to receive $11 per week.

In the winter all hands employed in the lumbering industry in British Columbia, whether in the woods, on the waters or in mills—including pulp and paper mills—are to receive minimum wage for forty cents per hour, by an order promulgated a few weeks ago.

Inevitably wage increases in any single province of the Dominion will have an effect upon labor in all other portions of the country, and also upon the general cost of living.

But that labor is fully entitled to its rightful share of the profits of industry no sensible person will care to attempt to deny. The whole community must benefit from such a scientific adjustment as will equally divide industrial profits between labor and the capital that provided the labor.

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GET IT AT WALLACE'S

Here and There

Canada's birth rate leads all the white races of the world, according to a close study made here of comparative figures. Canada's birth rate is 28.4 to the thousand, and Australia comes next with 28.2. England and Wales fall slightly below France with 18.8.

"The manufacturing industry is moving west," says J. E. Walsh, General Manager of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. "The increase in prairie industries shows this. We are having the same experience here as they had in the United States. The Prairie Provinces are fast becoming industrialized."

A gold medal awarded to the Canadian Pacific Railway in recognition of the excellence of its exhibits at the Canadian Exhibition recently held in Toronto, was received at headquarters of the system here today. Similar medals have also been awarded to the Dominion and Provincial Governments and to a limited number of exhibitors.

This, from the Lethbridge Herald, is hard to surpass: "A farmer moved onto a half section in the Iron Springs district last spring. He got in a good crop; irrigated carefully and doubled results. He threshed a $6,000 crop in this first year; paid $2,800 on his land; $1,600 on equipment and cleared off a $400 loan. This left him a comfortable balance of $1,200 to go on with."

The President Beatty Prize is being offered by the President of the Canadian Pacific Railway to the man obtaining the highest number of marks during the coming training season at the training farm of the British Ministry of Labor at Brandon, Norfolk. The award consists of a cash prize and employment at current wages upon the C.P.R. Supply Farm at Strathmore, Alberta. A similar prize will be made available in the spring of 1928.

An outstanding feature of the past few weeks has been the export of live foxes by the Canadian Pacific Express in Montreal. Trade statistics show that in the past fiscal year 5,590 live foxes, valued at $1,434,686, left Canada for other countries. Canadian foxes have gone to be foundation stock in the United States, United Kingdom, Belgium, France, Germany, Newfoundland, Norway, Switzerland, Finland, Japan and Russia.

Announcement was made from Canadian Pacific Railway headquarters here recently that two free scholarships, covering one year's tuition in the Faculty of Arts and four years' tuition in architecture, chemical, civil, mechanical or electrical engineering at McGill University are offered by the company, subject to competitive examination, to apprentices and other employees enrolled on the permanent staff of the company and under 21 years of age, and to minor sons of employees.

The recent snowfalls have directed attention, earlier than usual, to the coming Dog-Derby—the 1927 Eastern International Dog-Sled Derby—which is to be run off at Quebec City on February 21st, 22nd and 23rd. Six entries have been received so far: H. Chevrette, who will carry the colors of The Paquet Co., Ltd.; an Ontario Paper Co. entry; H. I. Sutton, of Chicago; two Price Brothers entries, and P. J. Molloy, of Berlin, New Hampshire. Such is the line-up to date, about twenty entries being expected.

Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, General Manager of the Bank of Montreal, points out in the current Public Utilities issue of the "Financial Times," that Canada's utilization of power has increased 180 per cent. in the past ten years and that the country now stands second in the world in the utilization of hydro power. When present plans mature Canada will have 4,500,000 h.p. in use, representing a capital investment of $854,000,000, while undeveloped power wealth will still be prodigious, conservatively estimated at 25,000,000 h.p.

In Joan of Arc's Birthplace.

Joan of Arc's birthplace, the little town of Domremy, France, was gay with fetes when the Basilica which King Charles VII. vowed he would build if Joan of Arc succeeded in driving the English out of France as she promised more than 400 years ago, was consecrated recently. King Charles VII. failed to fulfill his promise, but it was not forgotten. The church was thirty-three years in building. It is ornamented with frescoes of the chief events in the life of the peasant girl who has become a Saint of the Church. The main altar is considered a work of art worthy to rank with the finest in Europe's churches. The church faces the little house on the hill where Joan of Arc was born.

7,000,000,000 for World.

From compilations and estimations made by a Nebraska professor, the world's population in three more generations will be 7,000,000,000. This number, he says, will be about 2,000,000,000 more than the world will be capable of sustaining at the present rate. The population of the world to-day is placed at 1,800,000,000.

The City of U.

There is a city in China called U.

IS CANADA MUSICAL?

Business Crowds Out Natural Growth of Art.

Whether Canadians are, or are not, a musical people is still a debatable question, says Henry Graves, Mus. Bac., L.R.A.M., in the Montreal Family Herald and Weekly Star. Young countries do not give that attention to art that becomes part of their life later on. They are too busy with material affairs to think sufficiently about the more cultured aspects of life. It is not that the material for producing works of art is absent, but that no musical taste is developed as business and the development of material wealth, that it crowds out the natural growth of such things as painting, sculpture and music.

There is, however, always a section of the community which demands some form of artistic education, but history shows us that this does not develop as rapidly as the commercial instinct. Canada has not had time to put herself on the musical map of the world. She is on the commercial map in big figures already, with her wheat and her minerals, and we must have patience, and give her time to produce the musician and painter.

One is led to these remarks by questions that have appeared recently asking why Canada is not further advanced in music. There is one point which may bring us some satisfaction. If she is not producing great musicians, neither is she guilty of producing bad. This is worth remembering at a time when so much rubbish is put on the market.

We number among our musical organizations such institutions as the McGill Conservatorium of Music; the Toronto Conservatorium of Music, and the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto. There are others with buds of promise that will blossom in the near future.

Canada has already produced singers and players of acknowledged merit. Her poets are not without honor even in their own country, but it is safe to say that the creative musician will not be long in making his mark in the world.

When he does appear, it is hoped he will have the courage to use his own name. It is the fashion at present to write under a Russian or Italian name. Smith becomes Smithofski and Mr. Foley Signor Foli, because it is unfortunately true that a plain Anglo-Saxon name has not the commercial value of a Slav or Italian name.

We have had great singers and players in the old land, who have stuck to their names and made them famous. And it is to be hoped that Canadian names will live in Canadian musical history.

In the meantime Canada is making rapid progress and she is as prominent in musical matters as any of the other young nations of the world.'

AUSTRALIA.

Wheat Is the Principal Feature of Australian Agriculture.

Australia's area is 174,000,000 acres. Nine per cent. has been alienated, that is, has passed to private owners; 48 per cent. is held under lease from the Crown; and 43 per cent. is still in the hands of the Crown.

The area under crop in Australia during 1924-25 totalled 17,278,000 acres, an increase of 750,000 acres on the previous year, while the value of the produce amounted to $500,000,000, or an average of about $29 per acre. Wheat is the principal feature of Australian agriculture and 11,859,000 acres—or nearly 69 per cent. of the total area under crop—were devoted thereto during 1924-25. Rather more than 1,000,000 acres were cut for hay. Other main crops in the order of acreage were hay, oats, green forage, maize, fruit, sugar cane, barley, potatoes, and vines.

The favorable climatic conditions, coupled with the high price of wool, account for large gains in the stock of sheep in Australia. The number at the beginning of 1925 was 93,156,000, and the wool clip amounted to 729,242,000 pounds, having a value of $370,000,000. The dairy products had a value of $224,000,000. Permanent employment was provided for 452,000 persons in agricultural, pastoral and dairying industries.

An Admiral's Story.

A good story is told of the late Admiral Sir Algernon de Horsey when he was Senior Officer at Jamaica in the 'sixties. Refused permission to enter the dockyard one night by a native sentry, he exclaimed, "But I'm Commodore de Horsey," and the sentry, unconvinced, said, "Me not care if you be Commodore de Horsey or Commodore de Donkey; you not come in without de password." Years after, the sentry was known as "the man of being the only man who ever kept the Commodore out of his own dockyard."

Butter for British Isles.

Two countries of the British Empire and three foreign countries led Canada in supplying the British Isles with butter in the last fiscal year. Canada's exports of 8,063 tons were exceeded by those of New Zealand, 91,138 tons; Australia, 40,454; Denmark 89,732; Argentina 24,685, and Russia 23,132 tons. Canadian cheese exports, however, amounted to 61,681 tons and were only exceeded by those from New Zealand, 66,953 tons.

Canada's Foreign Trade.

Canada's foreign trade position continues to improve. Exports from the Dominion in the twelve months ended September 30th, 1926, amounted to $1,306,507,411, as compared with $1,158,290,739 in the previous corresponding period. Imports into the country during the same year amounted to $983,786,622 from $852,548,241. The favorable balance of trade increased from $317,741,627 to $337,128,777 in the period.

Ancient Abbey of Deer.

Ruins of ancient abbey of Deer, Aberdeenshire, and the grounds adjoining, situated on the estate of Pitfour, have been acquired by the Roman Catholic authorities for the purpose of preserving the remains of what in the Middle Ages was an active and important centre of religious life.

Our Horses In Russia.

It is reported that the thousand horses recently shipped to Russia from Alberta, Western Saskatchewan and Eastern British Columbia have given such satisfaction as to promise larger orders this year.

CANADA'S OLDEST CALLING.

Fur-Trapping In Manitoba Dates Back to 1738.

The industry of fur-trapping in Manitoba as a white man's occupation dates back to the time of La Verandrye, who came to the junction of the Red and Assiniboine rivers in 1738, and established the settlement known as Fort Rouge, says the bystander in Toronto Globe.

According to Prof. V. W. Jackson, of the Manitoba Agricultural College, Manitoba has nearly 5,000 licensed white trappers, who annually produce about $3,000,000.

It is not only in the Far North, however, that this profitable industry is carried on. Three hundred only of the above-mentioned trappers take out their licenses for work north of the fifty-third. Prof. Jackson estimates that 40 per cent. of the weasels, 64 per cent. of the minks and martens, 88 per cent. of the wolves, 95 per cent. of the skunks, and more than 50 per cent. of the muskrats are now procured south of Township 46.

In addition to the trappers' spoils there are fifty-two fur farms in Manitoba. In 1920 there were only two. The world's fur trade has since the war been transferred over the Atlantic, which means that 100,000,000 pelts must be obtained on this continent, and increased demand owing to greater wealth. In Manitoba 7,979 square miles have been set aside as a game preserve, making the province an extensive breeding-ground for ducks and geese and the sanctuary of the elk. In the Riding Mountains the elk herd once sunk to the number of 400, but within the last eight years has increased to 10,000, with a natural increase of more than 2,000 a year. The duck, goose and grouse inhabitants have remained fairly stationary by virtue of the age-limit, which, for the past five years, has varied from 140,000 to 490,000. This restriction enables the sportsman to take his share of the natural increase, while conserving the breeding stock.

The Sheriff Inkster preserve of 2,000 square miles ranks as the largest breeding marsh on the continent, and whistling swans, once almost extinct, are returning in larger numbers every year under the protection of the Game Act.

QUEEN MARY'S OLD HOME.

Property of Reigning Monarch Since George II.'s Time.

One of the most interesting eighteenth century houses in Britain, White Lodge, in Richmond Park, is to be occupied by Lord Lee of Fareham, the King having granted him a life lease.

White Lodge has been the property of the reigning sovereign ever since it was built by King George II. It was a favorite residence of this monarch, and since his day it has been occupied by many members of the royal family and other distinguished people. In recent years it was the first home of the Duke and Duchess of York after their marriage in 1923.

Queen Mary was born in many memories of White Lodge. It was at one time the home of her parents, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and the Queen spent part of her childhood there.

The house stands in a splendid position, commanding a magnificent view, down a great avenue of oak trees, to Richmond from the front, and looking across to Wimbledon Common from the back. It has been empty since the Duke and Duchess of York left it to take up residence in the West End.

Lord Lee of Fareham, the new tenant of this famous house, has had a distinguished career. It was he who presented Chequers to the nation, to serve as country seat to the Prime Minister, six years ago.

Among Lord Lee's predecessors at White Lodge was Lord Sidmouth, a distinguished statesman of the beginning of last century. Nelson visited him here, and marked out with his fingers on a table the plan of attack which he afterwards carried into execution at Trafalgar. This table is a cherished possession of the present Lord Sidmouth.

White Lodge was occupied by King Edward, when Prince of Wales, for some weeks before his marriage to Queen Alexandra. Queen Victoria also lived there for a short time.

Plain Enough Scotch.

Two gentlemen frae Scotland were staying in a London hotel for the first time in their lives. When they had been shown to their bedroom, one of the visitors discovered that there was no soap in his dish, so he rang the bell and a chambermaid quickly appeared.

"Ye micht bring up a wee bittie o' sape," requested the Scot.

The girl looked at the guest in open-mouthed bewilderment, unable to understand a word he said.

"Hoot, lassie," thundered the irritated gentleman from the north, "can ye no' understand plain Scotch?"

The maid gave a sigh of relief and departed to return in a few moments with a bottle and two glasses.

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Monsters of a Million Years Ago

View of "Bad Lands" of Alberta. (Inset) Drawing of giant dinosaurs of past ages.

The majority of tourists who travel across the open prairies on the Canadian Pacific line east of Calgary, are unaware as they look towards the north that there is to be found anything to interest them except the prairies and prairie towns. But not many miles distant from the railway, where the Red Deer River cuts through the prairie, lies a valley known as the "Bad Lands." This is a valley beside which the Rocky mountains are young—a valley whose bottom-lands record that once they were an inland sea along whose shores, millions and millions of years ago, lived those walking, creeping, crawling monsters known as dinosaurs.

Only with the discovery of the dinosaur skeletons, and as a result of the numerous expeditions sent into the Bad Lands of the Red Deer by the Government and by museums both in Canada and in the United States, has the river valley taken on a wider interest. Each season adds not only to the number of collecting parties but also to the number of tourists who are attracted by the picturesque character of the canyon and whose imagination is thrilled with the thought of the age-long secrets which the valley is beginning to make known.

When and how did these donosaurs live? What was the world like during the time when they flourished? How would this very valley have appeared at that time and what other creatures were to be found there with them? Such questions naturally arise as the dinosaurs take on a larger measure of reality.

At first one is likely to think of all these extinct animals as merely prehistoric, living hundreds of years, of course, before even Tut-ankh-amen, but perhaps at the same time as our cave-dwelling ancestors, with whom they may have contended for the mastery of the earth. The written records on which history is based extend back, comparatively speaking, only a few centuries; even the oldest, those of Egypt and Chaldaea, cover but sixty centuries. The still earlier periods when man lived in savage and barbaric tribes take us back only one hundred thousand years, and as no fossil remains are found in strata of that date it is evident that these huge reptiles had long been extinct even at that time. In bigness these dinosaurs have never been exceeded. The herbivorous group were the largest they browsed on the rushy vegetation and among the ferns and bushes, or stood up and grasped trees with their fore-legs while they devoured the foliage. Many of these were giraffe-like waders whose long fore-limbs and immensely longer necks enabled them to take refuge in deeper waters, more out of reach of the fierce carnivores of the land. The Diplodocus, a herbivorous dinosaur whose skeleton is in the Carnegie Museum, Pittsburgh, measures eighty-seven feet in length, and a still more colossal one found later and known as Gigantosaurus measures well over one hundred feet.

The carnivorous or flesh-eating groups were not so large; they were more active, however, and preyed upon the herbivores. Though equipped with frightful weapons they were considerably inferior in intelligence to the modern crocodile or lizard and far below the bird or mammal. Of these, Tyrannosaurus seems almost "the last word in frightfulness." It reached the length of forty-seven feet, and in a standing position the animal was eighteen to twenty feet high as against twelve feet for the largest African elephant. The long deep powerful jaws were set with teeth from three to six inches long and an inch wide.

To protect them from these flesh-eating dinosaurs, many of the herbivorous ones were completely encased in armor. Such as Ankylosaurus. Plates covered the skull, neck, back and hips, and even the belly was covered by a pliable mosaic of small close-set plates. It was further protected by a movable plate that could be dropped like a shutter over each eye.

The Geological Survey at Ottawa now has a remarkably fine collection of dinosaurian remains mounted and on exhibition at the Victoria Museum, Ottawa, and are also to be seen at the Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto. The field has by no means been exhausted. Under miles of prairie land the same strata are undoubtedly filled with similar fossils; erosion is rapid, and as the river continues to wear its banks away new fossils are exposed. For all time to come the Red Deer River will be a classic locality for collecting prehistoric treasures.

"The Kid" Grows Up

Jackie Coogan, the little boy star of the movies, was stopped in a Hollywood studio a few months ago by a loudly-dressed man.

"Mr. Jackie, I wish you'd spare me a few minutes," said the man in a hearty tone. "I've got something wonderful here. It's an invention that's going to make fortunes for everybody connected with it, and I want to let you in on the ground floor."

"Invention! Show it to me, mister."

"Well, I don't have a model with me. There's only one in existence, and the inventor won't allow it out of his sight. But those testimonials will prove to you how valuable this thing we've got. It's a new attachment for movie cameras. We're selling shares at $100 a piece. The money is needed to put the invention on the market, but those who buy now should make $1,000 the first year."

"Perhaps I'll take a share," said Jackie.

"All right. Think it over. But let me know this afternoon or it may be too late."

Jackie went straight to his father, a former vaudeville actor known as Jack Coogan, Sr., who lately is trying to occupy him nowadays as his son's manager. "You can do as you like, kid," said the elder Coogan, "but I want to warn you that nearly all these propositions are crooked. A sound business can usually borrow money from the bank. Still, decide for yourself."

"I'm going to put $100 into it," announced Jackie. He was given the money from his private account, and turned it over to the canvassed, in exchange for a handsome certificate.

A few weeks later he was summoned to view a sample of the work accomplished by the inventor. It was run off on a motion picture screen in a dark room, and it proved to be a mess. Neither Jack nor Jr. will ever be made of the blurred film, and expert then arose and reported that the loss was a fraud. "I feel sorry for the unfurnished stockholders, but they have lost all they put into it," he said.

Jackie was downcast but not broken-hearted. Nodding his head sagely, he remarked: "Such things happen, I guess!" But when another salesman tried few interest him in shares in another line, he chased him out of the studio.

The above is a true story from Hollywood. It was told to me by Jackie's father, to give the boy a lesson in the wise handling of money.

He is earning more money than any other child in the world. Jackie Coogan has a contract which brings him in an income that has varied in the last three years from $7,000 to $5,000 a week. His father is both his guardian and manager, and drawn from the boy's earnings a salary which supports two families, including a mother and baby brother. A huge surplus, however, has been set aside each year for Jackie, ever since he entered the movies at the age of five. He will have more than $1,000,000 when he comes of age.

The only chance of protecting him against possible spendthrift impulses is by instilling common sense before he has gone to school.

"When he was nine" his father told me, "I began to pay him $20 a week. He was told that he earned that much, but at the same time he was made to feel that he was an employer rather than an employee. His director expected $10 a week, I said, and it would have to come out of Jackie's money. I levied something here and something there, and also charged the kid two shillings for cashing his cheque. Only a few shillings remained as pocket-money.

"The first discovery he made was that his director was getting a salary, anyway. He inquired the amount, and was indignant at the contrast between the fat pay envelope and his hard-earned $10 he had to fork over. So he complained to me.

"A week later he took the initiative in what I considered a truly amazing manner. He telephoned to a bank in Los Angeles and asked what charges they made for cashing cheques. The cashier assured him that there was no charge. He thereupon informed me loftily that he would deal with the bank, since I had been fooling him. The kid was soon enjoying most of his $20 a week."

I met Jackie himself in New York. He was reading a fairy-tale. The woman tutor who accompanies him everywhere was beside him preparing his next lesson.

Fresh from what Mr. Coogan had told me about training Jackie to take care of the money, I asked: "What have you bought for yourself in New York?"

"Well, now, with my own money I've bought a race-horse game, and—let's see—a couple of lunches, too," he answered naively. "But my father's bought a few things for me."

"And what's the most interesting thing you've seen here?"

"The Zoo. Oh, my! The wild animals—they're so wonderful," he exclaimed, "especially the lions."

"Why the lions, Jackie?"

"Why, because they're handsome, and—and dignified. That's it. You don't need anyone to tell you they're the kings of the jungle. Look it, you wouldn't make a lion run a race. He's too proud to do that. But the big elephant'll do it. Did you know the elephant could run faster than any other animal there is in the whole wide world?"

"Faster than a greyhound?"

"Yessir. If the greyhound was as big, he could beat him. It's because the elephant's legs can reach so far that he wins."

Then, literally transcribed, is a sample of how Jackie Coogan talks in an interview.

I don't think Jack Coogan, Sr. need worry about the effectiveness of his system of training.

Popular Vote In 1925.

At the general Federal elections of October 29, 1925, there were 3,157,573 votes cast, distributed among the parties as follows: Conservatives, 1,467,596; Liberals, 1,266,534; Progressives, 282,599; Labor, 53,224; Independents, 87,224.

Turkish Tobacco.

Turkish tobacco, grown in Alberta, is better than that grown in Turkey or Greece, according to Mr. Baker, of Edmonton, who grew 1,000 pounds as an experiment last season.

"HUMORS OF A PARISH."

Rev. W. B. Money Tells a Few Funny Stories.

The doctor had called on a man who was ill and told his wife that she must put him into a recumbent position at once.

"A what, doctor?"

"A recumbent position," said the doctor.

As soon as he had gone, she went to a neighbor and said: "Mrs. Brown, could you lend me a recumbent position?"

But Mrs. Brown was determined not to show her ignorance, and answered: "I'm very sorry, my dear, but I've just lent mine to Mrs. Smith."

This is one of the stories told by the Rev. W. B. Money in his book, "Humors of a Parish." Mr. Money holds that a man is "next door to a churl who hears a good story and never tells it to another."

We take the hint, and recount a few of the gems from Mr. Money's budget.

Some friends with whom he was staying had a little girl. At tea-time the mother remarked: "Mr. Money, Mary has been so naughty that I've sent her to bed."

And in her prayers Mary said: "Please God, do try and make mother a better-tempered woman."

Mr. Money suggests that this limerick may be new:—

"There was an old man of Bengal
Who went to a fancy dress ball;
He said, 'Just for fun
I'll go dressed as a bun,'
And was ate by the dog in the hall."

A Suffolk man and woman came to be married. When the parson told the woman to repeat after him: "To love, honor, and obey," she said "buy" instead of "obey." He tried several times to get her to say it correctly, but always with the same result.

At last the bridegroom waxed wroth and said to the parson: "Do let her alone; let her say 'buy' if she likes; I'll make her say 'Oh' when I get her home."

A bishop accosed a street urchin of throwing a stone at him. The boy denied it.

"Remember," said the bishop, "there's One above Who can see everywhere."

"He can't see down our back-cellar stair," said the boy.

"Yes, my boy, He can."

"That's a lie—we ain't got one!" retorted the boy.

Clerical embarrassments yield many amusing tales; as when a curate, looking over the country church when he was to officiate presently for a friend, was asked by the clerk: "I hope, sir, you won't mind preaching from the lectern—I've got a ben sitting on fourteen eggs in the pulpit, and I don't want her disturbed."

A ludicrous incident occurred at a baptism. When the parson had poured the water on the baby's head, opened its eyes, looked up at him, and said: "What are you doing?"

The explanation was that the child, though very small, was old enough to talk, and had been dressed up by the parents in long clothes to conceal the delay in baptism.

In conclusion we tell the most amazing "cribbing" story we have heard.

"An Eton man I know," says Mr. Money, "shaved off all the hair on his legs and then wrote copious notes on them, which he was able easily to refer to unsuspected by crossing one leg over the other and pretending to scratch it."

Talcum Powder.

Talcum powder, largely used in face powders, is a preparation from the hydrated silicate of magnesium known as soapstone. The finest quality is pure white and a special product of Italy. In 1923 it exported 17,000 tons, of which the United States took 5,750. Whether the talc, which Canada produces in large amounts for use in paper, paint, and other industries and also exports, is of the exact quality required for cosmetics, is a subject for inquiry. The United States, though far the largest producer of talc in bulk, yet imports Italian talc for toilet purposes and also has a good market in Britain and elsewhere for the final product. The largest supply in Canada is from Madoc in Ontario, but talc is found in other provinces, and a fine quality ground to a 200-mesh and used as an ingredient in soap is produced on Vancouver Island, B.C.

Rich Potash Deposits in W. Texas.

Potash deposits in West Texas of a potential value of $9,200,000,000, and the most extensive of any field in the world, are described in a report made by Dr. E. P. Schoch, director of the industrial chemistry division of the University of Texas, made to the officers of the Standard Potash Company, which has holdings of 70 square miles in South Midland county. Tests costing over $100,000 were carried out in making the survey.

Dr. Otis Smith, director of the U. S. Geological Survey, is quoted to have estimated the value of a square mile with deposits five feet thick, and a potash content of 22.21 per cent., at $160,000,000.

Cactus In Australia.

East Australia is getting worried over the prickly pear cactus, which is spreading at such an alarming rate that it threatens to drive out other plants. It has already usurped over 60,000,000 acres, and Australian authorities are hunting all over the world for insects that will destroy it.

The River Y.

Holland has a river called Y.

FUN IN MY CHAIR

Humor Occasionally Brightens Dentist's Life.

Were I given to wagering I think I should be quite safe in challenging you to estimate, within five hundred, how many teeth I extracted last year, says an Old Country dentist. The number was 12,206. I was sure, however, for 12,207, and thereby hangs a tale I can tell now without any breach of professional confidence. It will show you that humor occasionally brightens a dentist's life.

An elderly man and his young wife came to see me. Said the lady, "Oh, I've made my husband come to have a tooth out. He must, because he's been suffering dreadfully. Go along, dear; I'll wait here."

Limp as a rag, he followed me into my surgery, and—well, he hadn't a tooth of his own in his mouth. He had never told his wife—you may guess why!—and she had never fathomed his secret. The "toothache" was caused by a slight rubbing of the lower case, and I put that right in a minute. But I obliged him by putting an old tooth in an envelope, and out he went, carrying it.

"It din't hurt, dear, did it?" I heard his wife ask, and most truthfully he said it didn't"!

I appreciate being complimented for good work in fitting false teeth, but on two occasions I've been somewhat severely "told off"!

"Confound you!" said a husband to me, "your infernal teeth have put on about twenty years off my wife's looks, and now she's started gallivanting about to dances and parties and flirting with other men. Lucky you've been paid, or you'd get nothing from me!"

Three times I mended a man's upper set, and then, when he came again, I asked him, jocularly, if he had been jumping on them.

"No," he said, "but my wife has!" And I kept it up until, by her orders, I made him another set—one "that likes; I'll make her say 'Oh' when I get her home."

Sometimes I'm asked to do the impossible. "These were my poor dear husband's teeth," said an old lady, pathetically. "I know he'd like me to wear them, so will you please make them fit? I can't keep them in, try as I will!" Sympathetically I explained matters, and she went away with tears in her eyes.

It is because one lives and learns that I now always explain how artificial teeth should be cleaned. A man, you see, with a too-great zeal for cleanliness, boiled his new set, after a week's wear, in a saucepan, and reduced the vulcanite to treacle!

Another came in once, looking scared to death. He told me he had swallowed his teeth. I had to explain that I couldn't extract teeth from anyone inside, and that he should go to a doctor at once.

"I can feel them!" he gulped, touching his throat. I felt them, too—and felt them again. Then I lifted up the knitted waistcoat he was wearing, and took the teeth out of a pocket in the under-garment!

I'm sorry to say this, but — the truth's the truth—men are the biggest cowards in the matter of extractions. The bigger the man the louder his yell! Women may seem more nervous, but they've a lot more courage in the dark. I told a man once, a trifle sarcastically, that he wouldn't win the V.C. in the next war if he made such a fuss over a couple of teeth. And—it turned out that he was a V.C.

Fogging Bolton.

Fog is characteristic of the British Isles, but natural fogs are not particularly harmful, compared with the smoke fogs which are increasing.

Coal smoke robs our lives of sunshine and makes us poorer as a nation, says an Old Country paper. A very conservative estimate puts the cost per year in waste and damage at over $200,000,000.

Dr. Grossmann, the Ministry of Health's statistician, said recently: "It is just as hard to earn a living in Reading or Northampton as in Bolton. Bolton's smoke fog makes it easier to die—nearly twice as easy if you are a man between forty-five and forty-five—in Bolton than in Reading."

The soot that fell in London in the year 1925-26 would have covered the whole of Hyde Park, nearly 400 acres, to a depth of ten inches. Yet London is by no means the smokiest of cities.

Training School for Jewish Farmers.

The establishment of a training school in central Alberta for young Jewish farmers, similar to that already operated in Ontario under the auspices of the Federated Jewish Farmers, is the aim of Dr. Newman of Edmonton, who is organizing a western committee to assist in the settlement of numbers of his countrymen on farms. The Ontario project, which has been supported by Jewish capital, is said to have been very successful and a number of students have already graduated and taken up land of their own.

Standardization Increases Export.

Standardization of Canada's wool production on a year's quality basis through development of a Government grading system, has increased exports of the product to the United States by 600 per cent. in the last four years, according to a bulletin issued by the Canadian Co-operative Wool Growers. Shipments in 1926 totalled 6,416,662 pounds.

McIntosh Bros.

It is with gratitude in our hearts, for the kind patronage of our many customers throughout the past year that we extend to you all

A Happy and Prosperous New Year

For the new year we wish to give you the promise and fulfilment of our best endeavors for the finest store service it is in our power to give.

It is our customers who have made possible our development, and to them we owe our every effort for future service and complete satisfaction.

Again wishing you A Happy New Year.

McIntosh Bros.

U. S. RADIO MARKET.

Canadian Imports of U. S. Radio Apparatus Shows Gain.

Canada was the leading market for United States radio apparatus during 1925; Asia ranked second, Europe third, and Latin America was fourth in importance, according to the electrical equipment division of the Department of Commerce.

Canada purchased equipment valued at $3,662,928, or over 37 per cent. of the total radio exports in 1925. South America bought $999,123 worth, or over 10 per cent. of the total. The periods of maximum sales of radio equipment in Canada and South America are directly opposite. Sales during September to February are large in Canada, while the South American market is dull, and, conversely, South America is an active purchaser from May through August when the seasonal decline is in effect in Canada. Because of this variation, sales promotion activities may be regulated by the American exporter so as to divide his efforts between the two markets according to the seasonal changes.

Radio development in South American countries is said to have progressed, but less rapidly than in Canada. The general economic and social conditions, lack of broadcasting stations and the static interference of reception in many South American districts have limited sales. The marked gains in purchasing made by Argentina, Brazil, Uruguay and Peru in 1925 show the public interest in radio. Other countries are promoting its use and, although advancement is gradual, further increases in Spanish has not been established. Some of the countries have overstocked markets; others have a tendency to make small purchases in order to prevent the accumulation of unsold stocks, and sales have decreased.

Canadian imports of American radio apparatus during 1925 showed a gain of $1,269,241 or more than 52 per cent. over those of 1924, while South American imports increased $282,286, or a little less than 40 per cent. Sales to Mexico decreased $121,782, or about 50 per cent., and shipments to Central America declined $177 net, or a little less than 40 per cent. Despite the decreases shown for Mexico and Central America, the total of United States radio exports to Latin American countries increased $328,842 for 1925.—New York Times.

STORING HONEY.

Will Keep Well for a Long Time With Proper Care.

There is a right and a wrong place for everything and the bee-box is the wrong place to store honey.

Honey, like other highly concentrated sugar solutions, will keep well for a long time with proper care, as it does not readily mould, ferment or spoil. It will, however, absorb moisture and if exposed to a moist atmosphere may become diluted to the point where fermentation occurs. It should therefore be stored in a dry, warm, airy place. Temperature is not, however, so important in the case of properly sealed honey. Where large quantities are stored it is frequently necessary, owing to the enormous weight, to use the cellar, as well, though it may be cool, must not be damp. The containers of extracted honey should always to be tightly closed to exclude moisture and preferably airs should they gain access to the storeroom. Well ripened honey will keep for years if stored where it is moisture.

Where comb honey is kept in quantity, it should be stored in a place of air. With this in view, the storeroom is frequently located on the upper floor of the house or it is made a part of the near the roof. When it must be opened only in dry weather, for ventilation is of no value, for the air usually contains more moisture than that already present. Variation in temperature is to be avoided, as it causes condensation of moisture, especially on the walls which, in turn, is absorbed by the honey.

Whether the place is suitable for the storage of honey, to a large extent, depends on the sales. Where sale will exceed the crop, it is not necessary to keep it for a long time, but where it is a question of holding the crop for a year or more, it is necessary to have a place where the moisture will not exceed 50 per cent. Where the moisture has caused honey to ferment slightly, it may be restored to its original condition by placing the jars of honey in hot water, the temperature of which is approximately 150 degrees F.

Where the moisture has caused honey to ferment slightly, it may be restored to its original condition by placing the jars of honey in hot water, the temperature of which is approximately 150 degrees F.

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Without Clutch or Gears.

Among the mechanical novelties at the Paris Automobile Salon recently was a clutchless, gearless car, the product of the Constantinesco Company, of London, attracted much attention. Constantinesco, a Rumanian inventor, was prominent in the war for his system of synchronizing machine-gun fire through the blades of airplane propellers. His new mechanism is a sort of accelerator connected. In practice, the car runs with only one control, the accelerator. When the engine is running at low speed, the car does not move, gaining speed only with stepping on the gas, the speed required being controlled alone by how much gas is fed to the engine. Its inventor calls it "the first fool-proof automobile."

We send such Heaps of New Year's Cheer We hope it will last Throughout the year

Webster's Grocery

(Sign of Quality)

Pa's Son-in-Law

NOW THAT WE KNOW PA IS JEALOUS OF MY GOING ABOUT WITH MR. SPOOFLE, I THOUGHT HE MIGHT BE READY TO MAKE UP WITH ME IF I COULD RUN INTO HIM. SO I CALLED AND FIND HIM? I STROLLED PAST HIS HOTEL SEVERAL TIMES WITHOUT SEEING PA, BUT—
SON-IN-LAW
—LOOK, I'VE BEEN FOLLOWED ABOUT, EVERY WHERE I WENT, BY—THAT!
HAW!
AW-W—AW, I SAY! THIS IS PRICELESS! YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FOAH FAWTHAW AND ALL THE WHILE HE'S BEEN FOLLOWING YOU ABOUT!
W-WHO HAS?
FAWTHAW HAS? IF THAT ISN'T FAWTHAW DISGUISED BY A SET OF FALSE WHISKAWS, I'M A SENEGAMBIAN BOOT-LEGGAH!
ER-LI—OH, CEDRIC, I DO BELIEVE YOU'RE RIGHT!
BY WILLIAMSON
STAR SYNDICATE

Free!

Handsome Pair of Candlesticks

Given Away Free with purchase of quarter pint can of

ROGERS

BRUSHING LACQUER

Fill in the coupon printed below and present it to us together with 50c.

We will give you in return a quarter pint can of Rogers Brushing Lacquer, the wonderful finish that *"dries while you wait"* and a pair of beautiful hardwood candlesticks without any charge whatever.

Every housewife should take advantage of this big offer. The can of Rogers Brushing Lacquer is priced at 50c. The candlesticks are worth $1.00 at the very least. So that you get $1.50 worth of merchandise for 50c.

Fill in and bring us the coupon now. You'll like the free candlesticks which you can beautify with Rogers Brushing Lacquer — the beautiful, durable, fast drying, home decorative finish.

D. B. WILSON,
Phone 138

COUPON

This coupon and 50c. entitles me to a quarter pint can of Rogers Brushing Lacquer and one pair of candlesticks, free.

Name.....

Address.....

Radios and Batteries

Auhorized Dealers for Stromberg-Carlson and DeForest Crossley Radios

These sets can be heard any night by appointment.

We carry a full line of Everready Radio Batteries; all styles and prices. Phones and Speakers.

We have just installed one of the latest type Chargers to look after your car or radio storage battery.

Get your Radio License from us Then if you are about to wire your house, or have any of your wiring equipment altered give us a call. Estimates given freely.

The Thermo Wafer Heater has no equal.

We carry a complete line of Fixtures, Shades, Heating Appliances, Irons, Toasters, Percolators, Curling Tongues.

National Electric Ranges; also the Beach Electric Range.

Call and see our new line in Heaters. The Tropical Heater, one that drives away cold. Just the thing to save lighting the furnace during the early fall months.

Floor Waxer and Polisher to rent

Vine's Electric Shop

Market Square. - 'Phone 367
Residence Phone 112-F.

WHERE RESTS YOUR LOVED ONE

there place the most enduring, the most beautiful evidence of your affection and devotion possible to obtain—a monument in imperishable **Marble or Granite,** designed, carved and erected by us, specialists in this work.

We will make special designs for you at the lowest possible cost.

Talk it over with

WM. M. HOWITT,
Napanee, Ontario

Specific Needs of the Manufacturer

THE Standard Bank, through its local manager, is ready to assist the manufacturer in all services offered by foremost banking institutions of to-day. banking institutions of to-day. But we endeavor to supplement these services by making it our business to offer suggestions to promote efficiency in the conduct of his transactions. We have been privileged to materially improve the financial facilities of certain manufacturers with whom we do business, by inaugurating unique systems. Discuss your financial requirements with the Standard Bank.

BANKING FIFTY YEARS

THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA

NAPANEE BRANCH—H. R. McHoull, *Manager*
Branches also at Belleville, Camden East, Deseronto, Newburgh, Tamworth

NAPANEE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

(Continued from page 1.)

las Wood; *Georgie Plumley, *Edith Thompson, Noah Wheeler, Florence Kellar, Olive Kellar, *Eva Elliott.

JR. I.

Miriam Miller, Aileen Warner, Masie Markle, Leo Walker, Donald Reid, Leslie Hearns, Nellie Kellar, Helen Kellar, Francis Thompson, Bruce Wells, Authmire Curry, Jack Coakwell, A. Fox, Morley McIlwain, Donald Young, Leonard Huffman, Hugh Pike, *Clarence Wayte.

JR. PRIMER.

Bobbie Wagar, Clarence Markle, Eva McTaggart, Douglas Exley, Harry Leary, Nina Thompson, Dorothy Plumley, Rachel Wheeler, John Pike, Arthur Babcock, L. Kellar.

A. Group—Mary Wagar, Reta Elliott, Mary Kimmerly, Tom MacDonald, Fred McHoull, Everett Bowen, Madge White, Marlyn Benn, Louise Gilbride.

B. Group—Florence Kellar, C. Conrad, Audrey McMillan, Edgar Hearns, Reggie Nick, Raymond Wick, Dorothy Murphy, Marion VanVolkenburgh, Leanore Valkman, Bruce Turner, *Bobbie Smith.

C. Group—Joe Wheeler, Helen Moore, Gladys Leary, Joe Fretts, Maude Babcock.

SENIOR PRIMARY.

Jean Gibbard, Louise Black, Marguerite Curry, Marion Roney, Eileen Seymour and Anna Wilson equal, Dorothy Markle, Kenneth Archer, Dorland Barrager, Freddy Cassan, Helen Hayes, Clarence Butler, Harold Matthews, Kenneth Moore, Alastair Ker, Ruth Miller, Rupert Merriam, Eileena Poste, Betty Cornwell, Billy Baker Edgar Graham, Jean Edgar, Gordon Gilbride, Mabel Markle, Eva McFarlane, Douglas Rendell, M. Buchanan, Russell Thompson, Louise Ford.

JUNIOR PRIMARY.

Jackie Willoughby, Howard O'Connor, Perry Pyke and Ethel McTaggart equal, Jackie Holmes, Doris Rendell and Dorothy Walker equal; Betty Huffman, Helen Young.

EAST WARD.

SR. II.

A.—H. Henderson, E. Madden.
B.—E. MacGregor, H. Madden, I. Stevenson, Lillie Lasher.
C.—K. Lapum, N. Watson, J. Stinson, L. Lasher.

JR. II.

A.—J. Vine, D. Milsap.
B.—G. Millar, G. Joy, D. Stinson.
C.—H. Deschane, E. Young, J. Cooper, P. Culhane, B. Storms, F. Huffman.

FIRST CLASS.

B.—B. Lasher, R. Capson, A. Sove, J. Sove, S. Gilbert, J. Huyck.
C.—P. J. Laughlin, F. Thompson, F. Waitson, M. Fox, *M. Conger, T. Fox, M. Babcock, *J. Tompkins.

SR. PRIMARY.

Bruce Norris, Jean Thompson and Dorothy Reid, equal; Harold Babcock, Robbie Russell, Homer Vine, Bessie Assetine, Gertie Lucas, Miles Vine, Douglas Meikle Isabelle Matthews, *Louisa Ford.

INTERMEDIATE PRIMARY.

Dorothy Thompson, Edwin Fox, Georgina Slater, Isabelle Norrere, Olga Culhane, Jessie Wagar, Phyllis Denison, Nellie Green, Billy Waitson, Ruth Lucas, Jean Harmer, John Russell, Mary Conger, Louise Babcock, Daniel Lloyd, Gertrude Thompson, J. Green, Audrey Lucas, Lottie Green.

JR. PRIMARY

Burton Knight, Doris McCabe, Clare Millar, Ellis Lasher, Clifford Millar, Vincent Fox Stuart Storms Hazel Navin, Wilbert Assetine, Rosalind Mowers, Lillian Lasher, Bobbie Fretts, Margaret Watson, Helen Moore.

MAN OF 60 HELPED BY SIMPLE MIXTURE

"After taking Adlerika I feel better than for years. At my age (60) it is ideal—so different from other medicines." (signed) W. W. Carter. Adlerika is a simple mixture of buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., which removes GAS in ten minutes. Relief comes brings surprising relief to the stomach. Stops that full, bloated feeling. Brings out all the waste-matter you never thought was in your system. Excellent for constipation. Wallace's Drug Store.

—New Pork Barrels.
—Raw Sugar.
—Barbadoes Molasses by the Tin.
—2 lbs. Shortening, 25c.
—Cheese, 20c. per lb.
—Japan Tea, 50c. lb.
—Good Coffee, 50c. lb.
—Also Dates, Figs, Oranges, Nuts, Candies, etc.

FRANK H. PERRY,
Napanee, Phone 130

GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. W. P. WOODGER, B.A., Minister.

9.30—Class meeting.
10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.—Public worship conducted by the pastor.
11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Classes.
Wednesday, 7.30 p.m.—Prayer meeting.

Visitors cordially invited to all services.

Napanee Riverside Cemetery.

All accounts outstanding are requested to be paid by the 31st December, 1926.

By order of the Board.

W. H. DUNBAR,
Secretary.
3-b

Gift Suggestions!

For Mother or Sister stainless steel knives, forks and carving sets, Community silverware, Pyrex ovenware, Aluminumware, serving trays and electric goods.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

Auction Sale.

H. W. Gallagher, Auctioneer, will sell for N. B. Miller, Administrator of the estate of the late Sarah Eliza Kellar, on the east side of Prince street, Deseronto, on Tuesday, January 4th, 1927 at 1 o'clock p.m., all of her household goods, stoves, tables, chairs, sewing machine, dishes, etc. The house and lot will also be offered for sale at the time time. Terms for household goods, cash, for the house and lot, 30 days.

Curling.

The President vs. Vice-President games will be curled New Year's afternoon and evening. There will be curling for every member. The following members were elected Skips for interclub games: Andy Boyes, Fred Bell, W. A. Daly, A. L. Dafoe, J. G. Daly, M. P. Graham, Pat. Gleeson, H. W. Huffman, H. Lapum, C. I. Mayhee, J. A. Pringle, Matt. Taylor, W. C. Smith, Fred Van-Alstyne. The fourteen Skips are requested to be on hand at the Club Tuesday evening, Dec. 28th, at 8 o'clock, to select their rinks for the coming season.

Atwater Kent Radios. Get yours at Gibbard's.

Will not Challenge Mr. Raney's Election.

Toronto, December 23.—The news has leaked out that the Conservatives have decided not to take any steps to challenge the election of Hon. W. E. Raney, K. C., Progressive leader, in the riding of Prince Edward. The decision not to take proceedings in the hope of disqualifying Mr. Raney was one of 55 any desire to show a big, generous spirit, it is said, but simply to the fact that nothing more serious in the way of evidence could be produced against the election of Mr. Raney than could be produced by Mr. Raney as to the methods used against him.

Fretts—Balcanquel.

A very pretty wedding took place on Thursday, Dec. 23rd, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. Balcanquel, Thurlow, when their elder daughter, Cecelia Aileen, became the bride of Mr. Raymond Osborne Fretts, of Napanee. The ceremony was performed at 7 p.m., by Rev. Mr. Farnsworth. The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, wore a lovely frock of pale green crepe romain and cut velvet. He bouquet was sunburst roses. Miss Ida King, of Brockville, played the wedding march. A dinner was served after the ceremony, about twenty-five guests being present. Later Mr. and Mrs. Fretts left on a wedding trip to western points and on their return will reside near Napanee.

Physician is Called to Rest.

Dr. Ralph Waldron Huffman, well-known physician and surgeon, who came here from Minnesota three years ago for the benefit of his health, passed away on Dec. 10th, 1926, at his home on Skillman Lane. He had long been a sufferer and prior to coming West had undergone several serious operations at the great institution of the Drs. Mayo at Rochester, Minn. He improved somewhat after coming here and began the practice of his profession, but became worse and had to give it up, and since that time has lived quietly at his home, carefully nursed by his devoted wife and daughter. He is survived by his wife, who by the way, has no other relatives here except his widow and daughter, Marion, who is a splendid gentleman and a skilled physician and surgeon, and he has made many warm friends since coming to this city. He was a native of Bath, Ontario, and was aged 53 years. Besides his widow and daughter, Mrs. Huffman, by his father, Mr. C. B. Huffman, and a brother, Mr. A. C. Huffman, of Bath; three brothers and two sisters, Mrs. Henry Creighton, Napanee, Ont., and Mrs. R. H. Hutchinson, Sudbury, Ont. He was a member of a prominent family both in education and culture, and was held in high regard by neighbors, friends and the members of the medical fraternity. His death in his new home is a sad one, and the widow and the daughter will be sustained by the deepest sympathy of their friends. He was a member of the A.F. & A.M. Order. The funeral was held on Monday, the 13th inst., and Petaluma Post, No. 28 American Legion, paid a splendid tribute, Dr. Huffman, a world war veteran in the Canadian army, had never affiliated with the Legion owing to ill health, but the Post sent a guard of honor to escort the funeral to Cypress Hill Memorial Park, and at the grave the funeral ritual of the Legion was performed by Commander Dr. G. R. Hubbell, with Dr. L. J. Snow acting as Chaplain. Professor A. Putz sounded "Taps" and the firing squad fired the usual salute over the newly made grave.—Petaluma (Cal.) Argus.

Atwater Kent Radios. Get yours at Gibbard's.

BAY CIRCUIT

Rev. R. J. Merriam, Pastor

Sand Hill Church—Public worship 10.30 a.m.
Hay Bay Church: Sunday School 1.30 p.m.; Public Worship 2.30 p.m.
Selby Church: Public worship 7.30 p.m.

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH

Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church:

Rev. J. H. H. Coleman, M. A., Vicar.

SATURDAY, NEW YEAR'S DAY.
10.30—Holy Communion.
SUNDAY, JAN. 2nd.
10.30—Holy Communion.
2.00—Sunday School.
7.00—Evening prayer.

OBITUARY

MRS. MARIETTA McMULLEN.

The death occurred at the home of T. B. Lewis, Switzerville, on Wednesday, December 22nd, of Mrs. Marietta McMullen, relict of the late Anthony McMullen, of Centreville, at the ripe old age of 91 years and 1 month. Since the death of her husband Mrs. McMullen had resided with her daughters and sons in Rochester and Detroit, while for the last year past she had resided with her daughter, Mrs. T. B. Lewis, at Switzerville. She leaves to mourn her loss five daughters and four sons: Mrs. R. G. Boulding and Mrs. J. W. Martin, of Detroit, Mich., Mrs. T. B. Lewis, of Napanee; Mrs. Mabel Pendergest, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. C. F. Lemmon, of Rochester, N.Y.; Anthony, of Napanee; James of Minneapolis, Minn.; William and Alexander of Rochester, N.Y. Twenty-eight grandchildren and twenty-four great grandchildren also remain. Mrs. McMullen, whose maiden name was Marietta Lewis, was born in Camden township, where she had resided the most of her life except the last few years.

The funeral was held at the residence of T. B. Lewis on Friday, December 24th, at 1 p.m., the Rev. Mr. Coleman officiating. The remains were placed in the vault at Camden East, from whence interment will take place in May, to the family plot at Centreville.

ARLINGTON BENN.

This community was very much shocked when its members known that Arlington Benn had passed away suddenly at his home, at Moscow, Wednesday morning, the 15th. The deceased had not been feeling very well for a few days and although under the doctor's care, nothing serious was anticipated. After arising Wednesday morning he attended to some light duties in his home, and while talking to his wife, suddenly collapsed. Dr. Montgomery, Yarker, was quickly summoned, but medical skill was of no avail, as death had been instantaneous. The late Mr. Benn was born and brought up in this vicinity. He was of United Empire Loyalist descent. His great grandparents, on their arrival from the United States, settled in the township of Fredericksburg. His grandfather and namesake another. After their marriage, sought a new home and took up the land which is now the farm on which the deceased spent the greater part of his life and on which he passed away.

MOSES LESSARD.

In the passing of Moses Lessard of Flinton, on Decemer 7th, the township of Kaladar has lost one of its oldest, most prominent and honored citizens, and one who had been for years the guiding spirit in the leadership of thought and influence for a large section of the community. Born in the township of Huntingdon, in the year 1852, at an early age he removed to Flinton with his parents, the late Moses Lessard, Sr., and his wife. Here he grew to manhood and developed his strong virile character amid the stress and strain of early pioneer conditions. He always took an active part in the advancement of educational facilities, having served some twenty-five years as secretary-treasurer of the local public school board. In municipal affairs he was looked upon as an authority, having acted in the capacity of township clerk for over forty years, only resigning from this position some two years ago.

Atwater Kent Radios. Get yours at Gibbard's.

MOSCOW NORTH.

We are enjoying ideal weather and there is excellent wheeling and sleighing.

Miss Flossie Knapp is spending the Christmas holidays at her home.

Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Degroff and Jimmy Pine, Mr. and Mrs. J. Pine and family spent Christmas day with Mrs. Elmer Jackson, Enterprise.

Mr. Cecil King has installed a radio.

Miss Florence Knapp spent Thursday at Mr. Cecil King's.

Miss Verla Knapp spent Sunday with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Degroff.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Vanvolkenburg are spending some time with his sister, Mrs. Rufus Wagar.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Jackson, Mrs. Wellesley Coulter and little son, spent Thursday at Mr. James Marlin's, Tamworth.

Mr. Okel Bowen and mother spent Christmas at Mrs. Norman Bowen's.

Mr. Rufus Wagar spent Friday at Napanee.

Miss Cynthia Knapp is spending some time at Mrs. C. King's.

Miss Annie Hamilton is very ill at the home of her sister, Mrs. C. King.

Miss Lila Ritchie and brother, John, Kingston, spent the week-end with their parents.

Mrs. Cynthia Knapp and family spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Coulter.

Mr. and Mrs. Wellesley Coulter spent Sunday at Mr. Vernard Bell's, Enterprise.

Rumor says we are to have a wedding in the near future.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. W. R. Tanton, Pastor.

NEW YEAR'S SERVICES.

10.00 a.m.—Class meeting.
10.30—Covenant and Sacramental Service.
11.35 a.m.—Church School and Bible Classes.
6.30—Organ recital.
7.00—Evening worship.
Subject, "A Happy New Year."
The pastor will preach at both services.
Jan. 3-7—United week of prayer.

"A GENTLEMAN."

Democracy Has Helped to Purify the Ideal of the Gentleman.

Throw a pebble into the surface of a placid lake and you never know what places the succeeding ripples may reach. Not so very long ago a well-known Canadian judge, expressed certain terse opinions as to what qualities, breeding and other matters went into the making of a gentleman, as the term is generally understood. His remarks received a widespread publicity. They started a controversy in Canada which was reflected in editorial columns all over the country. The controversy invaded the United States, and even Europe, for it made a subject by feature writers and authors of standing. It even spread itself across the Atlantic, and now we have distinguished British writers taking it up.

Recently, Dean Inge, who can always be depended upon for "something different," expressed himself in an address, reproduced in the columns of the London Daily Telegraph, as follows:

Our national ideal is a very important part of our character. By that I mean the ideal of the workday religion of all Englishmen; that he is a gentleman. Even a bishop would be more angry if you told him he was not a gentleman than if you told him he was not a Christian.

During the obligarchy of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries there was a falling-off in the character of the English gentleman, but I think it is now on the advantageous of the growth of democracy that it has helped to purify the ideal of the gentleman, which I claim to be the ideal of the national character.

It has pretty nearly abolished the shocking notion that a gentleman may make a difference between debts of honor and debts to a tradesman, and the still more shocking notion that he may apply a different standard of morality in his dealings with daughters of the poor and of his own class.

We had quite got rid of the notion that the ideal of a gentleman was a class distinction. We must try, while keeping what was good in our character, to save ourselves from faults which other nations had found in us —a tendency to a certain indulgence to sloth and laziness, a proneness to arrogance and also of that vulgar contempt of intellect, as if we were a privileged people, whom Providence would not throw without our troubling ourselves, thinking clearly and working as hard as other people.

PEARLS BANISH PLAGUES!

Scottish Pearl Fishing Mentioned in a Statute of 1356.

From a very early period Scotland was famed for its pearl fisheries. Tacitus and Pliny mention them; and the old Scottish historian, Hector Boëthius, writing in the fifteenth century, says that the principal pearl-producing rivers were the Ythan and the Dee, in Aberdeenshire; the Spey, in Invernessshire; the Earn and the Tay, in Perthshire; and the Doon, in Ayrshire.

Queen Pennant made his tour of Scotland in the eighteenth century he found in Perthshire "a very great fishery of pearls—got out of the freshwater mussels." He goes on to say that from 1761 to 1764 £10,000 worth were sent to London; and sold from £4 to £16. 5s. per ounce.

Defoe, travelling in Scotland during the same century, also mentions the pearl-fishing, and makes an interesting reference to the medicinal properties which Scottish pearls were supposed to possess. He tells us that the small pearls "make a fine article in the apothecary's shop, being powdered the chief of all cordials, and very good against the plague, violent and malignant fevers, giddiness of the head, trembling of the heart, etc."

Scottish pearl fishing is mentioned in a statute drawn up in 1356 by the Parisian goldsmiths, in which business in pearls was done between Scotland and France over a period of several centuries. By the year 1600 pearls to the value of £100,000 were sent from Scotland to Paris.

Don't Be Cold.

It is because vitality varies considerably between individuals that some of us feel the cold more than others. But many are cold because they don't know how to keep warm.

If two persons, of equal vitality, went out on a cold day, and one was wrapped up in heavy and ill-fitting garments and the other wore loose clothing of medium weight, the latter would be far warmer. Clothes, you see, must be loose enough to interpose a barrier to the outside air; they should conserve, without limiting, the heat already generated in the body, and (when loose) permit a zone of warm air to form between the body and themselves.

In addition to this, the fabric if loose—a tight vest is not half as warm as a loose one—gathers in its cells pockets of warm air. Further, by clothing soon vitality, and it instantly makes the body more susceptible to cold. So—loose clothing for warmth. Make the practical test of wearing a muffler in tight folds, and then loosely.

Then there is food. Just as some coal produces more heat than other varieties, so also does food—the body's fuel. Porridge, bacon, herrings, pork, and so on are "warm" foods.

Balmoral Castle.

Balmoral Castle—has changed a good deal since the Sovereign's ours. It is now by no means the comfortless place it was when King Edward vowed that "one could catch a different kind of cold in every room." Edwardian improvements were many, and in recent times Queen Mary's able mind has dealt with the Castle's problems, and both the royal family and the staff are said to be as comfortable in Balmoral as in any of the royal residence. The reason why the Prince of Wales seldom visits Balmoral is said to be due to the fact that neither fishing nor shooting makes a strong appeal to him.

ASSURANCE

THOSE who employ us have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction.

We are equipped to handle a commission in a thorough manner. Our services are dependable and polite.

MASTERS & TIERNEY UNDERTAKERS
FULL LINE OF PAINT WALLPAPERS WINDOW SHADES
Phone 61

ROD AND GUN.

An announcement of importance and of interest to the sporting and generl public is contained in the January, 1927, issue of Rod and Gun to the effect that the well-known sporting magazine has been accepted as official organ of the Canadian Silver Fox breeding industry. With the January issue the magazine has become ROD AND GUN AND CANADIAN SILVER FOX NEWS and it is announced that each month, the magazine will carry in addition to its regular sporting and outdoor features, a full section of sixteen pages devoted to the interests of the silver fox and fur breeding industry.

The change is made as a result of the rapid growth of the Canadian Silver Fox Breeders' Association and a desire of the 3,500 members to have an official organ to assist them.

The first Silver Fox section is a very promising one. The special editor, J. R. Barr, of Summerside, has presented a good selection of fox news and protographs and articles on the fox exhibits at the Royal Winter Fair, Toronto, is particularly good.

The regular magazine has a very good table of contents for January with stories and articles on hunting, fishing, trapping and kennel and outdoor subjects.

Rod and Gun and Canadian Silver Fox News is published monthly by W. J. Taylor, Limited, Woodstock, Ont.

Roll Wrapping in all widths. Cotton Twine in cones.

EXPRESS PRINTING HOUSE.

The Royal Bank of Canada

General Statement — 30th November, 1926

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock Paid up		$ 24,490,000.00
Reserve Fund	$24,490,000.00	
Balance of Profits carried forward	1,409,674.58	
	$25,899,674.58	
Dividends Unclaimed	1,142.66	
Dividend No. 157 (at 12% per annum), payable 1st December, 1926	732,000.00	
Bonus of 2%, payable 1st December, 1926	488,000.00	
		27,042,817.24
		$51,442,817.24
Deposits not bearing interest	$161,170,458.50	
Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date of Statement	451,689,830.13	
Total Deposits	$612,860,288.63	
Notes of the Bank in circulation	39,171,262.94	
Balances due to other Banks in Canada	1,390,944.48	
Balances due to Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada	16,764,934.42	
Bills Payable	9,103,180.05	
Liabilities not included in the foregoing	40,666.64	
		78,131,277.37
Letters of Credit Outstanding		18,602,848.65
		$766,376,943.26

ASSETS

Gold on Subsidiary Coin on hand	$21,604,504.74	
Gold deposited in Central Gold Reserves	8,400,000.00	$30,004,504.74
Dominion Notes on hand	$33,401,580.50	
Dominion Notes deposited in Central Gold Reserves	9,400,000.00	
		43,001,580.50
		26,862,177.19
United States and other Foreign Currencies		
		$99,868,262.43
Notes of other Canadian Banks		3,765,575.00
Cheques on other Banks		27,214,300.90
Balances due by Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada		26,779,991.26
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities, (not exceeding market value)		64,733,857.88
Canadian Municipal Securities and British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian, (not exceeding market value)		16,380,953.48
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks (not exceeding market value)		16,380,953.48
Call and Short (not exceeding thirty days) Loans in Canada on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks and other Securities of a sufficient marketable value to cover		29,719,561.79
Call and Short (not exceeding thirty days) Loans elsewhere than in Canada on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks and other Securities of a sufficient marketable value to cover		71,997,883.89
		$367,280,083.51
Current Loans and Discounts in Canada (less rebate of interest) after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts		197,759,230.24
Current Loans and Discounts elsewhere than in Canada (less rebate of interest) after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts		3,765,575.00
Non-Current Loans, estimated loss provided for		27,214,300.90
		26,779,991.26
Bank Premises at not more than cost, less amounts written off		64,733,857.88
Real Estate other than Bank Premises		16,380,953.48
Mortgages on Real Estate sold by the Bank		1,187,355.45
Liabilities of Customers under Letters of Credit as per contra		18,602,848.65
Shares of and Loans to Controlled Companies		1,947,272.42
Deposit with the Minister for the purposes of the Circulation Fund		1,245,000.00
Other Assets not included in the Foregoing		542,565.74
		$766,376,943.26

AUDITORS' CERTIFICATE

TO THE SHAREHOLDERS OF THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA:

We have examined the above statement of Liabilities and Assets at 30th November, 1926 with the books and accounts of The Royal Bank of Canada at Head Office and with the certified returns from the branches. We have verified the cash and securities at Head Office at the close of the Bank's fiscal year, and during the year we counted the cash and examined the securities at several of the branches.

We have obtained all the information and explanations that we have required, and in our opinion the transactions of the Bank, which have come under our notice, have been within the powers of the Bank. In our opinion the above statement is in our opinion properly drawn up so as to disclose the true condition of the Bank as at 30th November, 1926, and it is as shown by the books of the Bank.

R. B. BRODIE, C.A.
of Price, Waterhouse & Co.
JAS. G. ROSS,
of P. S. Ross & Sons
} Auditors.

Montreal, Canada, 27th December, 1926.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 30th November, 1925	$ 1,249,435.32
Profits for the year after deducting charges of management, accrued interest on deposits, full provision for all bad and doubtful debts and rebate of interest on unmatured bills	4,516,239.26
	$5,765,674.58

APPROPRIATED AS FOLLOWS:

Dividends Nos. 154,155,156 and 157 at 12% per annum	$2,928,000.00
Bonus of 2% to Shareholders	488,000.00
Transferred to Officers' Pension Fund	100,000.00
Appropriation for Bank Premises	400,000.00
Reserve for Dominion Government Taxes, including Tax on Bank Note Circulation	440,000.00
Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward	1,409,674.58
	$5,765,674.58

H. S. HOLT, President
C. E. NEILL, General Manager

Montreal, 27th December, 1926.

ONTARIO BUSINESS COLLEGE, LIMITED
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO.

Has for 58 years maintained the highest standards in thorough business training. Students come here from Newfoundland, Bermuda, British West Indies, South America, the United States and all parts of Canada.
Write for the College catalogue.

L. L. MOORE, Principal.

dec-21

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

Eugene O'Brien has played many roles during his screen career, but none more romantic than the part of the dashing young American in Norma Talmadge's latest success, "GRAUSTARK."

Also two good comedies.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

Florence Gilbert, who has the leading feminine role with Buck Jones in his latest starring vehicle, "A MAN FOUR-SQUARE."

Also a 2-reel Western.

Also a two reel comedy.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

"THE SCRAPPING KID," the latest production of Art Acord, Universal's galloping, shooting western star.

Also a good comedy.

Wishing you one and all the Compliments of the Season.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop
Napanee's Leading Theatre
The Home of Good Photo Plays.

Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day and forever," Heb. 13-8; "This is our God for ever and ever: He will be our guide unto death," Ps. 48-14; "The God of hope fill you with all peace in believing," Rom. 15-13; "Abide with us for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent." Luke 24-29; "Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us," Ps. 4-6; "Thou wilt show me the path of life," Ps. 16-11; "Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight and the sin that doth so easily beset us and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, who for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." Heb. 11; 1 and 2.

Let the power and the blessing.

Crown the year we now begin, Lord us all the strength within

Grow in grace and vanquish sin.

A BIBLE LOVER.

Poultry Supplies.

Royal Purple and Pratt's Poultry Foods and tonics, oyster shell and grit, beef scrap, thermos drinking fountains.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

THE FRONT PAGE

VOICE OF THE RADIO

DH-66 Will Be Fitted With 150-Watt All-Purpose Telephony-Telegraph.

During his recent flight to Australia Sir Alan Cobham emphasized the importance to long-distance commercial flying services of good ground organization. Wireless communication, and weather reports of these details are being very carefully organized in connection with the new air route to Egypt and India which is being opened up by Imperial Airways. The giant DH-66 multiple-engined aircraft which will fly on this route will be fitted with the latest type of 150-watt all-purpose telephone-telegraph aircraft equipment, so that they may be in constant touch with ground stations throughout the journey.

These installations have been especially modified to suit the conditions existing on this new route, it is explained. The most interesting development is the employment for the first time of a generator which provides power both for the internal and external lighting of the airplane, and for the wireless installation. In the past these two requirements always have been treated separately, with the consequent provision of two generators, and therefore additional "head resistance."

The generator employed will incorporate other special features, inasmuch as it will be driven by a newly designed, automatic, constant-speed propeller, which will maintain the voltage of the machine constant, under varying conditions of load, over an air speed range of approximately 60 to 130 miles an hour. Moreover, in the unlikely event of a forced landing being necessary, the same generator may be used to supply emergency power to the transmitter, either by the use of the battery now used for lighting, or, alternatively, if it is desired to work for long periods, by means of a special coupling arrangement to the small petrol engine used for starting the main engines.

Thus, even if a machine were forced to land in the middle of the desert country which is to be found along almost the entire route, it would be an easy matter to establish wireless communication with the nearest ground station, and obtain any required assistance.

The wireless set is arranged to work on telephony or telegraphy up to ranges of 300 to 400 miles, and, since a chain of Marconi airdrome ground stations is being established by the Air Ministry and the various Governments concerned, at frequent intervals throughout the route, the machines should never be out of calling distance of a wireless station.

The wireless requirements of this route have been the subject of very careful consideration, by the promoters concerned, and they are authorities for the assurance that the system of communication provided both for the ground and in the airplanes will render the Cairo-Karachi route among the safest in the world.

PLANTS FALL IN LOVE.

Hindoo Scientist Says Plants Have Hearts, Minds, and Feelings.

According to an eminent plant psychologist of India, Sir Jagadis Shandra Bose, trees can fall in love. They have heart beat and pulse, and show symptoms of the tender passion just as plainly as do human beings.

Sir Jagadis is among the first of the modern scientists to consider plants as having hearts, minds and feelings, and to study the workings of their "brains" as closely as any student of human psychology.

The Hindoo scientist says that he has observed trees which seem to select certain other trees near by as objects of their affection, and send out slender tendrils to enfold them in a fond embrace.

Mr. Bose has known a love-sick palm which refused to bear fruit for two seasons because its mate's pollen could not reach it, and only when this pollen was scattered over its branches did it begin to bear fruit again.

To prove his contention that plants have an intelligence which approaches the instinctive intelligence of the lower forms of animals, Sir Jagadis filmed in plants are really muscles, and that green things are sensitive to heat and cold. Sir Jagadis tells the story of the so-called "praying palm of Bengal."

"One day I heard of a full-grown palm tree in Bengal," he writes, "which was bent over as if prostrate in prayer, but was aroused to an erect position each day when the temple bells rang.

"The tree became the centre of pilgrimages from all over India, and many miraculous cures were effected by sheer faith in its sanctity.

"We found that this holy tree was affected periodically by warmth. Even in a bowed position against its natural instincts, it attempted to stand upright when the heat stimulus was at its greatest. The temple bells happened to ring at that particular time."

Sir Jagadis maintains that the effect of alcohol on plants is the same as on animals. At first there is a maudlin depression; then wild exhilaration, carbonic acid gas acts as chloroform and either either kill or stupefy them.

Of his experiments, starting at five o'clock in the afternoon, showed that the plant was fully conscious until after midnight.

In one of his tests he gave a carrot a drink of water, and by means of a delicate instrument he discovered that it became "intoxicated."

The ancient Druids worshipped trees. The Japanese believe that spirits occupy trees. Whenever, to ward off hard luck you knock on wood, it is a relic of old pagan days when people knocked on trees to propitiate the tree spirits who might otherwise bring them ill luck.

The Human Heart Beats.

The ordinary weight of the human heart is 9½ ounces, and in size the organ is equal to the closed fist of the person to whom it belongs.

QUEER FISHING METHODS.

Men Adopt Customs and Methods Suitable to Their Needs.

The world over, men adopt styles, customs and methods suitable to their needs and governed by the material at their command.

Take for instance the queer fishing methods of the natives of Dahomey on the west coast of Africa. They are keen fishermen and they employ many subtle methods to obtain their catch.

A tam tam on a large scale is inaugurated on the day before the expedition, when sacrifices are offered to the ancestral gods, and much beer is consumed.

Dancing to xylophones, drums, and the beating of metal bars is continued well into the early hours of the morning, when at a given signal the fishermen who are to take part in the expedition, foregather in the market square and there await the arrival of the chief fisherman, a notable of high rank.

Each man carries a small basket, a thin spear, a torch, and a wooden box filled with a secret seed.

As dawn approaches the party, headed by the chief, march down to the riverside, where two white cocks are beheaded and the blood of these victims is sprinkled on the boxes, after which the seed is emptied into the baskets.

At a given signal from the chief, the men, after lighting their torches, give vent to piercing shrieks and wails, and rush waist deep into the river, where they flagellate the water with their baskets. In this way the seed is released and sinks to the bottom of the river, where it is greedily eaten by the fish.

The fishermen then watch expectantly for results. In about ten minutes the small fry begin rising to the surface, and, as if part of the ceremony, each man spears a fish, bites off its tail, and, after pronouncing magic words, spits it out.

A few minutes later the large fish (weighing from 15 to 20 pounds) appear on the top of the water, struggling as if stupefied. These are immediately speared. Then the other fish become so languid that spears become unnecessary, and they are picked up almost.

One-quarter of each catch is given to the chief fisherman, one-quarter is shared among the paramount chiefs of the village, one-quarter is retained by the fishermen themselves, while the remaining quarter is put up for sale.

It is certain that the seed used by this tribe has a stupefying effect on the fish. An observer expressed the belief that the strophanthus is the seed use.

Pink Hens and Orange Oaks.

If when walking through a wood you came upon a beech tree with lavender leaves, or an oak with cinnamon-colored foliage, you would certainly get a shock. Yet these things exist in the forests near Machais, in Maine, and not only are the leaves of the trees responsible for this fantastic fashion, but the timber is dyed right through. What is more, the color is fast.

These queer results are obtained by boring holes in the trunks of the trees and allowing the chromo-coloring dyes to drip slowly into them. The sap takes the dye through the wood and in a few days the whole tree is nicely colored. Neither acid nor water affects the artificial coloring and the wood is ready for making up into all sorts of articles.

The color of living creatures can also be changed. White hens can be changed to pink by mixing harmless dye with their ordinary food. Older still, these artificially-colored fowls lay pink eggs. It has been found that ducks fed exclusively on dull blue green eggs, while another peculiar experiment in diet resulted in hens laying eggs that were almost black.

A Freeman of the City.

What does it mean to be a Freeman of the City of London? Recently the Lord Mayor-Designate of the City was conferred on three Dominion Premiers—Mr. Coates, New Zealand; Gen. Hertzog, South Africa; and Mr. Menzies, Newfoundland, making eight Prime Ministers from overseas have been made Freemen on previous visits to Britain.

The honorary Freedom is bestowed only for distinguished services to the country or the Empire, and the list of previous recipients of the honor contains many of the greatest names in British history. The "freedom" is usually enclosed in a gold casket (costing £100), and there have been exceptions to this.

If a man who has been admitted a Freeman of the City should fall on evil times he will find that the Freedom is by no means an empty honor. He will be entitled to pecuniary aid. Then, should he die leaving children behind him, the City Chamberlain undertakes the education of the little ones and administers their property until they are old enough to look after it themselves.

Poor Consolation.

Two Irishmen arranged to fight a duel with pistols. One of them was very stout and when he saw his thin opponent facing him he raised an objection.

"Look here!" he said to his second. "I'm twice as big a target as he is, so I ought to stand twice as far away from him as he is from me."

"Be aisy now," replied his second, "I'll soon put that right."

Taking a piece of chalk from his pocket he drew two lines down the stout man's coat.

"Now," he said, turning to the other man, "Go't away, and remember that any hits outside the chalk lines don't count."

Our Potato Crop.

The Canadian potato crop for 1926 amounted to 47,472,000 cwt., as compared with 42,379,960 cwt. in 1925.

The yield of turnips is estimated at 32,184,000 cwt.; alfalfa at 2,201,000 tons; fodder corn at 4,429,400 tons and sugar beets at 451,000 tons.

TOILET PREPARATIONS.

United States Exports More Than Eight Million Dollars' Worth.

The great and leaping demand for toilet preparations in the United States is shown by Mr. Hoover's remark in Nation's Business:—"The amount of money annually devoted in the United States to the aid of investigators and investigation of pure science, is less than one-tenth of what is spent on cosmetics!"

The extent of the domestic trade may be further illustrated by noting the publication in 1925 of a book with 362 pages of names of American manufacturers of toilet articles, and, further by a clipping from the trade journal "Toilette goods" which lists about 6,600 toilet preparations on the retail market:—

"A prominent New York department store which made a survey of the toilet goods in stock, found that 1,675 kinds of powder—face, talcum, loose, compact and liquid—were on sale, and 1,396 kinds of perfume, 752 toilet waters and 1,200 rouges. There were 600 beauty creams, cleansing creams, massage creams, medicated creams, skin foods, vanishing cold creams, freckle creams, theatrical creams, lemon creams and so on, not counting 100 lotions, and also as many special skin foods, each carrying a message of promised beauty. Hair preparations were almost as numerous as skin preparations. There were 400 bandolines, brilliantines, dyes, restorers, shampoos and tonics. There were almost as many kinds of rouge, exclusive of double compacts of powder and rouge combined. Soaps numbered 452 and bath salts and preparations 200. Lipsticks could be had by 251 names, and eyebrow and eyelash applications in 110 styles."

It is a curious fact that most of the business in this as in other industries is done by a few manufacturers in ventage of the innumerable brands. Inquiry has shown that of the manufacturing concerns in the United States, 12 firms do approximately 90 per cent. of the total volume, and that 70 per cent. are in cut-throat competition for the remaining 10 per cent. of the business.

The output of perfumes and cosmetics in the United States rose from $26,000,000 in 1914 to nearly $120,000,000 in 1923 and in 1923 the exports (27,000,000) exceeded for the first time the corresponding imports of five and a half millions. For 1925 the exports were more than eight million dollars, of which Canada paid duty on more than $500,000.

THE "EMPEROR'S" RUG.

Woven In Persia In 1550 and Is Said to Be Worth $1,000,000.

The "Emperor's" rug, woven in Persia in 1550, acclaimed one of the finest examples of the many kinds brought to America recently by Victor Behar, Glasgow art dealer.

English experts, according to published reports, value the carpet at nearly $1,000,000, and appraisers in France recently placed an intrinsic value of $600,000 on the rug for taxation purposes. With the rug Behar brought a long pedigree attested by documents in the Imperial State Museum in Vienna and witnessed by the British Consul there.

According to these documents, the rug was one of the treasures of Persian shahs until it was presented to Peter the Great of Russia, who in turn gave it to Leopold I. of Austria. For three hundred years it hung as a tapestry on the walls of a summer palace of the Austrian emperors, until it finally was lodged in the state museum.

It is woven of silk—its twenty-four by eleven feet being easily contained in a small steamer trunk. The colors used represent those of precious stones and on a field of bright ruby red with an emerald-green border, are deftly woven figures of birds, beasts, flowers and fruit.

Behar said he had no immediate plans for its sale, but would offer it first to the Metropolitan Museum of Art for display.

Longer Than Life Sentences.

The Spanish criminal charged with thirty-eight different offences who has just been sentenced to a term of 483 years' imprisonment does not hold a record.

In July, 1892, the Mayor of Alba, in South Spain, was convicted on 217 counts of forging public documents. The Spanish law's penalty for this offence is fourteen years, so that the mayor was sentenced to 3,083 years' imprisonment.

The shortest sentence on record was passed on a Chicago man in 1923 for opening a letter addressed to his wife. The judge pronounced the following sentence:

"The laws of the United States must be upheld, and when you transfer with the mails you must suffer the consequences. I, therefore, sentence you to twenty-five seconds' imprisonment."

Pulling out his watch, the judge gravely counted the seconds, after which the astonished prisoner was released.

She Needeth Both.

A woman had applied to an Ontario magistrate for an order of separation from her husband on the grounds of cruelty and non-support, and the husband was willing enough that the order should be granted but insisted on having the custodianship of their only child, a bright, interesting little girl. Before coming to a decision the magistrate called up the child and explained what was going to happen, and asked her which parent she would like to live with. Looking wistfully from one to the other the child stepped up to her father, led him to where her mother was seated and with her hands uniting the two, said, with earnest entreaty, "Mamma, Daddy, I need both of you." There was silence in court and tear-filled eyes were waiting to see what would happen next. After a hurried conversation with his wife, the father said, "Judge, I guess we'll try to get along for our girl's sake," and there was applause in court when the case was dismissed.

ERRORS ABOUT ANIMALS.

Lions Are Not as Brave as Pigs, or Foxes, or the Humble Sheep.

It is often said that a man is as brave as a lion. But lions, in proportion to their size, strength, weight, and natural fighting ability, are by no means as brave as, say, pigs, or foxes, or even the humble sheep.

A good ram of the commonest domestic species will, at certain seasons, give battle to any living thing he meets. He will attack a full-grown bull without hesitation, sometimes charging the bull off its feet and often killing it outright. The ram is always ready to defend, not only himself, but the flock of which he is in charge, against the largest and most ferocious dog, or even against human beings. A fight between two well-matched rams is one of the most terrifying sights in the world, and as a rule ends in the death of one of the combatants.

It is common knowledge that the wild pig is the only animal that dares to drink at the same pool with a tiger. Pigs are perhaps the most maligned animals of all. We says "greedy as a pig," but a pig is not nearly so greedy as a canary. To say that anyone is as stupid as a pig is merely to slander an animal whose intelligence is little, inferior to that of a dog or an ape. Whilst to talk or pigs being superlatively lazy is to ignore the fact that in various countries of Europe pigs are trained to do the most arduous work. "As lazy as a cat" would be far more appropriate, for cats are lazy.

Donkeys, also, are supposed to be stupid; actually they are usually more intelligent than horses. Any expert will tell you that if you want to keep a donkey in a field you must be careful to lock the gate, for he will push push at it, and then put his chin on his foreleg, until he succeeds in getting it open. On the other hand, a horse seeks unless to find where the fence or hedge ends and the gate begins; or, if he does find the gate, he will seldom manage to open it.

When a horse is attacked by wild beasts he takes to the open plain and runs at full speed until he drops dead. But when a donkey is attacked he makes for the nearest cover, though the sight and body into a bush or a bed of nettles, or thorns or brambles, and there stands his ground; presenting only a pair of formidable heels to his assailants.

We say "as surly as a bear with a sore head," but it is fairly well known that all bears, except the Polar bear, are good-humored and even-tempered. There is no animal more friendly to man, or more easily tamed, if caught kindly.

"Blind as a bat" is another common expression. But a bat has such acute powers of vision that it is almost be said to see with its skin. Even when it is deprived of its sight and placed in total darkness it can find its way about unerringly among the most complicated arrangement of obstacles. And on the blackest night it can espy and seize the most minute insects—insects invisible to the naked eye of man.

Esquimalt's Dry Dock.

The new drydock just completed at Esquimalt, B.C., is the second largest in the world and only 29 feet shorter than the Commonwealth dock at Boston. This giant dock, hewn out of solid rock, cost $6,000,000 and measures 1,150 feet long, 149 feet wide at the top and 125 at the bottom. Its depth is 49 feet 3 inches with 40 feet of water in the sills at high water. The dock will take the largest ship afloat.

Predicament of New Peer.

Writing about the levees at the Court of St. James' when King Edward was Prince of Wales, Sir Felix Semon, in his autobiography, describes a predicament in which was concerned a celebrated Scots lawyer, who was made a life peer when he resigned.

Like all of them, like all judges, he had appeared at levees with a wig and in robes. Henceforth he had to appear in court dress, with escarpins and a sword. When he ascended the stairs his attention was drawn to the fact that he wore his sword between his right instead of the left side. The poor old gentleman was painfully surprised, and the good-natured official, on observing his helplessness, offered to put matters right. But it was found that the ladies of the house, fearing that their lord might lose his sword, had sewn it to his nether garments! There was nothing to do but to take the old lord into one of the bedrooms of the palace, where, in privacy, the matter could be rectified.

Manitoba's Honey Crop.

Honey production in Manitoba has increased for the sixth consecutive year. It has grown from 903,000 pounds in 1920 to 4,107,000 pounds in 1925, valued at $616,068.

Telephones In Canada.

In 1925 there were 1,072,454 telephones in use in Canada.

A RIVER OF FORTUNE.

What the Thames Means to the Big Metropolis.

Some statements are secure from contradiction. One is that made recently by an architect. He said that if there were no Thames there would be no bother regarding bridge in general or Waterloo Bridge in particular.

That raises the questions: Is the Thames worth its place? Would London be better off without it

It can be said at once that the Thames made London the mighty city she is, and the Thames is far and away the largest factor in keeping London mighty. Had there been no Thames there would have been no London—or but a small and insignificant town. Possessing no mineral wealth of coal or iron, she would have remained stagnant. But she has risen on water—the muddy waters of the Thames. And how many know that there was a time when the Thames did not touch London, but emptied itself in the Wash!

London grew to be many centuries before the Roman invasion, and became even more flourishing under Roman rule. The Venerable Bede records that at his time London had become "the mart of many nations resorting to it by sea and land." Its growth onwards from that time is a narrative—told in detail in "The Story of the Port of London," issued by the Port of London Authority. But what have the Thames mean to London to-day?

Of the vast army of London's inhabitants, one in seven, it is estimated that 98,000 out of every 100,000 "live on the Thames." Yes, that puzzles. Your work, and the reward it brings, may not seem to have the remotest connection with the Thames. Think hard, however, and trace it back. A link—another—another—and you touch the Thames! The following instances may help:

Do you sell shoes? Well, the leather was brought, as skins, in one of the thousand ships that every day pass Gravesend. If you sell meat, most of that came Thames-wise to London. You may be employed in the home, say, of a Smithfield meat-salesman or in the office of some broker. Well, the meat and the tea came to London on the Thames, and thus you, through your employer, are living on the results of the Thames.

Nothing has been said of the wealth that comes into London, distributing itself all over the community, from the fact that the Thames-created traffic draws to London a wealthy flood of visitors on business men and buyers from all parts of the world. They spend money—millions in a year. But is all of it—quite a large sum—taken by the hotel proprietors and tradesmen who take also spend. The money passes on.

STATESMEN AT PLAY.

Few of Britain's Public Men Have as Many Hobbies as Mr. Churchill.

We are hearing a lot just now about statesmen, for many have been visiting Britain of late. Mostly we hear about their work, but what do they do when they are not in harness?

Among the Empire-Premiers, Mr. Mackenzie King follows Gladstone's example and chops down trees. He was younger he was a magnificent swimmer. Now he wields an axe.

Gen. Smuts loves hunting, but nowadays his relaxation mostly takes the form of literary work. He writes a lot, mostly on philosophical subjects. Mr. Bruce, Premier of Australia, is an outdoor man. He plays golf, swims, rides, and hunts.

President Coolidge, of the United States, has only one outdoor hobby—he is a great fisherman. Indoors, he likes reading. He does not care for the theatre.

Mr. Lloyd George is restless in private as in public life. He prefers light literature to anything solid, and a rapid game of golf, motoring, or long walk over his native hills, to reading.

Mr. Poincare has no hobbies at all. His whole life is work. But M. Caillaux is a great reader.

When Signor Mussolini is not busy at the Consulta, which is rare, he is usually on horseback. Recently he spent an hour boeing. But this is not his hobby. It was what statesmen call a "gesture"—to encourage the others.

Lord Balfour has many hobbies. Philosophy, music and golf—he plays the piano beautifully. Out of doors he plays both tennis and golf with ardor and ability.

Mr. Baldwin is not much of a sportsman. His hobby is his country place. He is a squire in his spare time. Mr. Winston Churchill paints, writes voluminously, hunts, plays polo, yachts, and motors.

Nyasaland.

Nyasaland is a British Protectorate lying along the southern and western shores of Lake Nyasa, in eastern Central Africa. Its land area is 38,000 square miles, which is one-third greater than the area of our Province of New Brunswick. It enjoys British administration under an order approved and ratified by the League of Nations.

Nyasaland is becoming a large producer of tobacco. Last year 23,000 acres were under this crop, yielding 8,000,000 pounds of leaf tobacco.

A London authority on trade states that "Nyasaland tobacco is of much higher grade than Indian and is capable of development to compete with high-priced tobaccos."

Beating Beet Records.

There are now fourteen beet sugar factories in various parts of the United Kingdom, while more than 125,000 acres are devoted to beet-growing for sugar purposes. Statistics show that Britain is annually becoming more self-supporting in the matter of sugar supplies.

Record Earnings Reported In Annual Statement of The Royal Bank of Canada

Results Indicate Largest Business Turnover in History of Bank, With Net Profits of $4,516,239, a Gain of Close to Half a Million over the Previous Year—Usual Strong Liquid Position Well Maintained.

The Royal Bank of Canada is submitting to its shareholders an annual statement which shows that the past year has been one of unusual business activity throughout Canada. This in turn is reflected in a substantial gain in current loans to take care of the larger requirements of industry and commerce.

Of perhaps still greater import to the shareholders is the marked gain of net profits, which at over $4,500,000 are the largest in the history of the Bank.

The Royal, with its system of over 750 branches throughout Canada, covers every section of the country, and it is understood that the evidence of favor Provincial Government securities $84,733,057 ; Canadian Municipal and British, Foreign and Colonial Public securities $26,880,492 ; railway and other bonds $16,380,955 ; total call loans $101,712,445.

Evidence of the steadily larger amount of business being handled throughout the Dominion is given by total current loans in this country of $197,259,230, as compared with $190,854,642, a gain of $6,404,587. Call loans there has been a slight contraction in current loans elsewhere, and these now stand at $438,384,822, as against $143,397,082.

Of special interest is the continued confidence of savings depositors in steadily find higher levels. These have now gained to $451,689,830, up from $440,580,136. Total deposits of $612,860,280 are reported.

The fiscal year to November 30th, indicates that the usual strong liquid position has been well maintained. Of total assets of $766,376,943, the liquid, or immediately available assets amount to as much as $367,280,083, and are equivalent to 54.30% of liabilities to the public. Cash and cash balances are at the high level of $157,568,134, or 23.30% of public liabilities. Some of the principal accounts included in liquid assets are : cash, including gold and Dominion notes $99,868,262 ; cheques on other banks $27,214,300 ; balance due by banks and banking correspondents elsewhere than in Canada $26,779,909 ; Dominion, and Provincial Government securities

The profit and loss account shows that profits for the year, after making full provision for bad and doubtful debts, amounted to $4,516,239, compared with $4,081,628 at the end of the previous year, a gain of close to half a million. The profits added to the balance carried forward from last year, made the total amount available for distribution $5,267,067, of which $1,400,000 was appropriated ; dividends and bonus $3,416,000 ; officers' pension fund $50,000 ; appropriation for bank premises $400,000, and reserve for Dominion Government taxes, $440,000, leaving a balance to be carried forward of $1,409,674.

Strong Position Maintained:

The general statement of assets and liabilities, which is for

In a Mysterious Way.

The comments of some of the ministers who, in particular, are beneficiaries under a rather eccentric will recently published in Toronto papers, expressing their willingness to accept the gift mentioned in said will, would rather call to mind a story that is told of one Stevenson in Washington, D.C. Stevenson was quite a friend of the Negro Baptists, and was approached one morning by the pastor of the church, when the following conversation took place:

"Masr. Stevenson, we are decorating the interior of our church, and we are just a little short of funds, and Ah thought you would like to help us out."

"Why, yes," replied Stevenson, who, pulling his hand in his pocket, pulled out a wad of bills. "Here's $100 I made at a poker last night, I'll add to that and make it $200 for you."

The negro pastor hesitated for a moment with a worried look, but finally a relieved smile spread over his face, and, reaching out for the money, he remarked, "Well, Masr. Stevenson, de Lord do move in a mysterious way sometimes."

Another "G. B. S." Story.

The trouble Mr. Sean O'Casey, the Irish dramatist, who, until a few months ago, lived on the "dole" in a Dublin tenement, seems to be having in persuading his and footmen that their master has been invited him to dinner, although he refuses to wear evening dress brings to mind a story of Bernard Shaw.

Shaw appeared one night at the entrance to the stalls of a theatre in an ordinary jacket. An official stopped him. "But!" roared Shaw, "You object to my jacket? Well, then, I'll take it off." And he sat through the performance in his shirt sleeves.

Saved Future Premier.

There is a story of Mr. Stanley Bruce, the Australian Prime Minister, who attended the Imperial Conference at London. Mr. Bruce emigrated to Australia in 1917, making his first appearance in a record in modern politics—and while in Gallipoli during the war with the 29th Division he found himself cut off with six other officers in a desperately tight corner. A terrific hail of Turkish bullets swept over them. Five of the officers were killed and all the others severely wounded. The seventh picked him up and succeeded in carrying him to safety. The man who was rescued was Capt. Stanley M. Bruce, and his rescuer was Capt. Gee, V.C., M.P. for Hogworth.

Muskrat Ranch.

Canada's largest muskrat ranch is now being established at Swan Lake, about 40 miles west of Quesnel, in central British Columbia. The farm consists of an area of swampland, lake and woods totalling about 7,000 acres, a large part of which has been enclosed by wire fence. There are about 4,000 muskrats on the farm now and re-stocking is taking place, with early inducements to trappers amounting to $1,000. It is calculated that the farm will eventually have an annual output of 50,000 pelts.

The Irish of It.

The doctor had just been visiting an Irish patient, and as the man's wife was showing him out he said to her, "Your husband's not so well today, Mrs. Maloney. Is he sticking to the simple diet I prescribed?"

"He is not, sorr," came the reply. "He says he'll not be after starvin' himself to death just for the sake of livin' a few years longer."

Gifts for the Boy!

Skates, hockey sticks, handsleighs, jack-knives, flashlights, watches, air guns and rifles.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

BUILDING ELEVATED STREET.

New York Is Preparing Better Service for Fast Traffic.

Another four million automobiles have been added to the registrations in the United States, and the automobile manufacturers are already planning on a drive for volume business during 1927 that may eclipse 1926's record. The vast number of autos crowded into small quarters and narrow roads makes motoring conditions unbearable. So New York will build express highways for motorists just as she built subways and elevated lines to accommodate her millions.

The latest highway development on New York's west side, up the Hudson river from the downtown section to the Northern end of the island of Manhattan will necessitate an outlay of twenty-five million dollars. Motoring conditions at present from Manhattan to the vast number of autos driven about half-way in business, and then when the congestion commences to pile up, they park their cars and complete the rest of the distance by means of the rapid transit facilities.

The new elevated express highways is being built for the one purpose of providing a fast means for motorists to get downtown to their offices and avoiding the mid-town congested section. On this speed way, which will top railroad yards and docks, there will be no interesting traffic and only six ramps to permit access or leaving the speed way from one side to another, a distance of about six miles along the Hudson's edge. A speed limit of thirty miles an hour will keep a fast flow of traffic. The structures will be of steel, cement-covered, and will be twenty feet above the street-level. The width of sixty feet will permit three lines of traffic moving in each direction. The plans in their entirety will provide a two-mile express highway running from one end of Manhattan to the other.

Manhattan's program to accommodate the ever increasing army of automotive traffic is only a part of the gigantic expenditures that are being appropriated or to make automobile operation easier in all sections. It is by far time that the business of road building endeavored to keep pace with the business of automobile production. This is the fourth succeeding year that automobile output has been of record-breaking variety and the number is now more than fifteen million automobiles have been turned out by the various plants. The total of seven years is a record one from the standpoint of production. For the first nine months the output was running fifteen per cent. greater in the United States and Canada as compared with the same period of 1925.

Three of the biggest manufacturers of low-priced automobiles are all reported to be in excellent financial condition with profits running greater than ever before.

The Message

By LOUIS TRACY

Author of "Rainbow Island," "The Pillar of Light," "Wheel of Fortune," Etc., Etc.

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CHAPTER I.

Derelicts.

"It's fine!" said Arthur Warden, lowering his binoculars so as to glut his eyes with the full spectacle. "In fact, it's more than fine, it's glorious!"

He spoke aloud in his enthusiasm. Then, at peace with the world, he devoted himself to the exquisite panorama of Cowes on a sunlit Monday of the island's great week. In front sparkled the waters of the Solent, the Bond street of ocean highways. A breath of air from the west rippled over a strong current sweeping eastward. It merely kissed the emerald plain into tiny facets. It was so light a breeze that any ordinary sailing craft would have failed to make headway against the tide, and the gay flags and bunting of an innumerable pleasure fleet hung sleepily from their staffs and halyards. Yet it sufficed to bring a covey of white-winged yachts flying back to Cowes after rounding the distant Lepe buoy. Jackyard topsails and bowsprit spinnakers preened before it. Though accompanied by no shore, it awoke these gorgeous butterflies of the sea into life and motion. Huge 23-metre cutters such as White Heather, Brynhild and Nyria, splendid cruisers like Maoona, Merrymaid, Shinna, Creole and Britonart, swooped silently in their midst under the anchored craft as though bent on self-destruction. To the unskilled eye it seemed a sheer miracle that any of them should emerge from the chaos of yachts, redwings, launches, motor-boats, excursion steamers and smaller craft at best paddy. But Cowes is nothing if not nautical. Those who understood knew that bowsprits and dinghies of moored yachts would be cleared magically, and even spinnaker booms topped to avoid lesser obstructions. Those who did not understand—and they were in the majority—like the full and free language that greeted an inane row-boat essaying an adventurous crossing of the course—gazed breathlessly at the tremendous argosies, and marvelled at their escape from disaster. Then he white fleet swept past the mouth of the river, and vanished behind Old Castle Point on the way to far distant buoy or light-ship that marked the beginning of the homeward run. And that was all—a brief flight of fairy ships—and Cowes forthwith settled down to decorous junketing.

Away to the northwest a gathering of grey-hulled monsters had thundered a royal salute of twenty-one guns, and the smoke-clouds still lay in a flat line on the Hampshire coast. The Dreadnought was hauling at her anchors before taking a king and an emperor to witness the prowess of her gunners. The emperor's private yacht, a half-fledged man-o'-war, was creeping in the wake of long-sweeping yachts. Perchance her officers might see more of British gunnery practice than of the racing.

Close at hand a swarm of launches and ships' boats buzzed round the landing-ship of the Royal Yacht Club. The beautiful lawn and gardens were living parterres of color, for the Castle is a famous rendezvous of well-dressed women. People were grouping for luncheon either in the club-house or on board the palatial vessels in the roads. To the multitude, yachting at Cowes consists of the blare of a starting-gun, the brief vision of a cluster of yachts careening under an amazing press of canvas, and, for the rest, gossip, eating, bridge—with a picnic or a dance to eke out the afternoon and evening.

Arthur Warden soon turned his back on the social paradise he was not privileged to enter. He was resigned to the fact that the breeze which sent the competitors in the various matches spinning merrily to Spithead could not move his little cutter a yard against the tide. So, having nothing better to do, he sauntered along the promenade toward the main street.

Drifting with a holiday crowd, he bought some picture postcards, a box of cigarettes, and a basket of hothouse peaches. Being a dilettante in some respects, he admired and became the prospective owner of the fruit before he learned the price. There were four peaches in the basket, and they had cost him ten shillings.

"Ah," he said, as the shopkeeper threw the half-sovereign carelessly into the till, "I see you have catered for Lucullus."

"I don't think so, sir," said the greengrocer affably. "Where does he live?"

"He had villas at Tusculum and Neapolis."

"There's no such places in the Isle of Wight, sir."

"Strance!" Has not the gamedealer across the street supplied him with peacocks' tongues?"

The man grinned.

"Somebody's bin gettin' at you, sir," he cried.

"True, very true. Yet, according to Horace, I sup with Lucullus tonight."

"Horace said that, did he?"

The greengrocer suddenly turned and peered down a stairway.

"Horace!" he yelled. "Who's this here Lucullus you've bin gassing about?"

A shock-headed boy appeared.

"Loo who?" said he.

Warden departed swiftly.

"My humor does not appeal to Cowes," he reflected. "Much backward! Better luck next time. Having conjured Horace from a coal cellar, let me now confer with Diogenes in his tub."

Applied to Peter Evans and his phenomenally small dinghy, the phrase was a happy enough description of the ex-pilot who owned the Nancy. Evans and his craft had gone out of commission together. Both were famous in the annals of Channel pilotage, but an accident had deprived Peter of his left leg, so he earned a livelihood by summer cruising round the coast, and he was now awaiting his present employer at a quay in the river Medina.

But Warden's pace slackened again tion until the breeze freshened. It was in his mind to bid Peter meet him again at four o'clock. Meanwhile, he would go to Newport by train, and ramble in Parkhurst Forest for a couple of hours. Recalling that happy-go-lucky mood in later days of storm and stress, he tried to piece together the trivial incidents that were even then conspiring to bring about the great climax of his life. A pace to right, a flight, a classical quip at his extravagance in the matter of the peaches, a slight hampering of free movement because the Portsmouth ferry-boat happened to be disgorging some hundreds of sightseers into the main street of West Cowes—each of these things, so insignificance, so commonplace, helped to bring him to the one spot on earth where fate, the enchantress, had set her snare in the guise of a pretty girl.

For it was undeniably a pretty face that was lifted to his when a young lady, detaching herself from the living torrent that delayed him for a few seconds on the pavement, appealed for information.

"Will you please tell me how I can get aboard the yacht called Sans Souci?" she asked.

It had been seen that he was glib enough of speech, yet now he was tongue-tied. Instinctively he raised his hat as the turned to a girl and repeated her concluding words.

"The Sans Souci, did you say?"

"Yes, a steam yacht—Mr. Baumgartner's."

She paused. Though Warden was listening now, his wits were still wool-gathering.

The girl, half aware of his obsession, became confused—even a trifle resentful.

"I am sorry to trouble you," she went on nervously. "I had no idea there would be such a crowd, and I spoke to you because—because you looked as if you might know—"

Then he recovered his self-possession, and proceeded to surprise her.

"I do know you," he said briskly. "Pray allow me to apologize. The sun was in my eyes. To make amends, I'll take you to the Sans Souci. She is moored quite close to my cutter, and my dinghy is not fifty yards distant."

The girl drew back a little. This offer of service was rather too prompt, to say the least, although she was so good-looking that young men were apt to give themselves unreservedly at her disposal.

"I think I would prefer to hire a boat," she said coldly. "I could explain that an officer on board the steamer told me I ought to discover the whereabouts of the yacht before starting, or the boatmen would take me out of my way and overcharge me."

"Exactly. That officer's name was Solomon. Now, I propose to take you straight there for nothing. Come with me as far as the quay. One glance at Peter will reassure the confidence you have lost in me."

Then he smiled, and a woman can interpret a man's smile with almost uncanny prescience. She, who would pique blew away, and she temporized.

"Is the San Souci a long way out?"

"Nearly a mile."

"Where is the quay you speak of?"

"Here. Close at hand."

As they walked off together she discovered out of the corner of her eye that his glance was searching the thinning mob of her fellow-passengers. She guessed that he had recognized some person unexpectedly.

"Are you sure I am not trespassing on your time?" she demanded.

"Quite sure. When I said the sun was in my eyes I used poetic license. I meant the devil was in my sun. A man who arrived on your steamer reminded me of Nigeria—where we ever—became acquainted."

"There! You refuse to speak to him, of course"; and she halted andgedly.

He smiled again.

"He is a Portuguese gin-trader—and worse. And he is gone. And there is Peter, sailing master, cook, and general factotum of the Nancy cutter. Don't you think Peter's wooden leg induces trust? He calls it a prop, which suggests both moral and physical support. Now, I dare say have you ever noticed that wooden-legged men are invariably fat. And Cesar Vouched for the integrity of fat men."

Though the girl began to find his chatter astonishing, she was secretly intrigued when he pointed out the gigantic Peter with the diminutive dinghy. She had never before seen so broad a man or so small a boat. But she had also—and was unwilling to voice her doubt.

"Will it hold us?" she inquired with apparent unconcern.

"Oh, yes. When Peter was a pilot that little craft carried him and his two mates through many a heavy sea.

Don't be afraid. We will put you safely on board the Sans Souci. Now, you sit there and hold the bar. I'll take my two at once, please, as I find room forrard."

"Not much of a breeze for cruisin', Mr. Warden," grinned Peter, casting an appreciative eye over the latest addition to the Nancy's muster-roll.

"We're not cruising, Peter, more luck," said Warden. "The young lady wishes to reach that big yacht moored abreast of the cutter."

The girl nodded. She was enjoying her little adventure. It savoured of romance. Already her slight feeling of nervousness had vanished. In her heart of hearts she hoped that Mr. Warden might prove to be a friend of the Baumgartners.

Under Peter's powerful strokes the dinghy sped rapidly into the open waters of the Solent. At that hour there was but slight stir in the roadstead. Everybody afloat seemed to be eating. Each launch and yacht they passed held a luncheon party beneath awnings or in a deck saloon. Through the golden stillness came the pleasant notes of a band playing in the grounds of the clubhouse. A bugle sounded faint and shrill from the deck of a distant warship. Sliting in trail both hands in it, was vastly agreeable after a long journey by rail and steamer.

A spell seemed to have been cast on their tongues. For fully five minutes no one spoke.

Owing to the shortness of the dinghy, and the fact that the girl faced Warden, with Peter intervening, the two younger people were compelled to look at each other occasionally. The man saw a sweetly pretty face, dowered with a rare conjunction of myosotis blue eyes and purple eyelashes, and crowned with a mass of dark brown hair. Accent, manner and attire bespoke good breeding. She was dressed well, though simply, in blue canvas. Being somewhat of an artist, he did not fail to note that her hat, blouse, gloves and shoes, though probably inexpensive, harmonized in brown tints. She was young, perhaps twenty-two. Guessing at random, he imagined her the daughter of some country rector, and, from recent observation of the Baumgartners and their public repute, he admitted a certain sentiment of surprise that such blatant parvenus should be on her visiting list.

For her part, the girl had long since discovered that her self-appointed guide was an army man. West Africa gave a host of foreign service that was borne out by a paleness beneath the tan of the yachtsman. Warden, of course, was a university in itself, conferring a well-defined tone, a subtle distinctiveness. Each line of his sinewy frame told of drill, and his rather stern face was eloquent of one accustomed to command. Yet, for one so ready of speech, he was lifted to his when a young lady, detaching herself from the living torrent that delayed him for a few seconds on the pavement, appealed for information.

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The girl drew back a little. This offer of service was rather too prompt, to say the least, although she was so good-looking that young men were apt to give themselves unreservedly at her disposal.

"I think I would prefer to hire a boat," she said coldly. "I could explain that an officer on board the steamer told me I ought to discover the whereabouts of the yacht before starting, or the boatmen would take me out of my way and overcharge me."

"Exactly. That officer's name was Solomon. Now, I propose to take you straight there for nothing. Come with me as far as the quay. One glance at Peter will reassure the confidence you have lost in me."

Then he smiled, and a woman can interpret a man's smile with almost uncanny prescience. She, who would pique blew away, and she temporized.

"Is the San Souci a long way out?"

"Nearly a mile."

"Where is the quay you speak of?"

"Here. Close at hand."

As they walked off together she discovered out of the corner of her eye that his glance was searching the thinning mob of her fellow-passengers. She guessed that he had recognized some person unexpectedly.

"Are you sure I am not trespassing on your time?" she demanded.

"Quite sure. When I said the sun was in my eyes I used poetic license. I meant the devil was in my sun. A man who arrived on your steamer reminded me of Nigeria—where we ever—became acquainted."

"There! You refuse to speak to him, of course"; and she halted andgedly.

He smiled again.

"He is a Portuguese gin-trader—and worse. And he is gone. And there is Peter, sailing master, cook, and general factotum of the Nancy cutter. Don't you think Peter's wooden leg induces trust? He calls it a prop, which suggests both moral and physical support. Now, I dare say have you ever noticed that wooden-legged men are invariably fat. And Cesar Vouched for the integrity of fat men."

Though the girl began to find his chatter astonishing, she was secretly intrigued when he pointed out the gigantic Peter with the diminutive dinghy. She had never before seen so broad a man or so small a boat. But she had also—and was unwilling to voice her doubt.

"Will it hold us?" she inquired with apparent unconcern.

"Oh, yes. When Peter was a pilot that little craft carried him and his two mates through many a heavy sea.

Don't be afraid. We will put you safely on board the Sans Souci. Now, you sit there and hold the bar. I'll take my two at once, please, as I find room forrard."

"Not much of a breeze for cruisin', Mr. Warden," grinned Peter, casting an appreciative eye over the latest addition to the Nancy's muster-roll.

"We're not cruising, Peter, more luck," said Warden. "The young lady wishes to reach that big yacht moored abreast of the cutter."

The girl nodded. She was enjoying her little adventure. It savoured of romance. Already her slight feeling of nervousness had vanished. In her heart of hearts she hoped that Mr. Warden might prove to be a friend of the Baumgartners.

Under Peter's powerful strokes the dinghy sped rapidly into the open waters of the Solent. At that hour there was but slight stir in the roadstead. Everybody afloat seemed to be eating. Each launch and yacht they passed held a luncheon party beneath awnings or in a deck saloon. Through the golden stillness came the pleasant notes of a band playing in the grounds of the clubhouse. A bugle sounded faint and shrill from the deck of a distant warship. Sliting in

The Strength of the Pines

By Edison Marshall

Author of "The Voice of the Pack"

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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The scene grew in fury. The last burst of strength was upon Simon; in another moment he would be exhausted. The bear had suffered terrible punishment from the blows of the rifle stock. He recoiled once more, then lunged with unbelievable speed. His huge paw, with all his might behind it, struck the weapon from Simon's hand.

It shot through the air seemingly almost as fast as the bullets it had often propelled from its muzzle, and struck the trunk of a tree. So hard it came that the lock was shattered; then it fell in a thing of metal. The bear rocked forward once more and struck again. And then all the sound that was left was the eerie complaint of the wind.

Simon was still. The brave fight was over. His trail had ended fittingly—in the grip of such powers as were typical of himself. But the bear did not leap upon him to tear his flesh. For an instant he stood like a statue in gray stone, head lowered, as if in a strange attitude of thought. Then the great grizzly uttered one deep note and half-turned about. His eyes were upon Simon, but he did not seem to see them.

Then he turned again and headed off slowly, deliberately, directly into the face of the storm.

CHAPTER XXXI

The flurries almost immediately obscured the Killer's form, and Bruce turned his attention back to Linda. "It's the end," he said quietly. "Why not here as well as anywhere else?"

The horse on which was tied their scanty blankets was miles away by now; its tracks were obscured in the snow, and they could not find their way to any shelter that might be concealed among the ridges.

But before the question was finished, a strange note had come into his voice. It was as if his attention had been called from his words by something much more momentous. The truth was that it had been caught and held by a curious expression on the girl's face. All at once she sprang to her feet.

"Bruce!" she cried. "Perhaps there's a way yet. A long, long chance, but maybe a way yet. Get your rifle—Simon's is broken—and come with me."

Without waiting for him to rise she strode in into the storm, following the huge footprints of the bear. The man struggled with himself, summoned all that was left of his reserve supply of strength, and leaped up. He snatched his rifle from the ground where Simon had thrown it, and in an instant was beside her. Her cheeks were blazing.

"Maybe it just means further torture," she confessed to him, "but don't you want to make every effort we can to save ourselves? Don't you want to fight till the last breath?"

She glanced up and saw her answer in the growing strength of his face. Then his words spoke too. "As long as the slightest chance remains," he replied.

"And you'll forgive me if it comes to nothing?"

He smiled dimly. She took fresh heart when she saw he still had strength enough to smile. "You don't have to ask me that."

A moment ago an idea came to me—it came so straight and sure it was as if a voice told me," she explained hurriedly. She didn't look at him again. She kept her eyes intent upon the great footprints in the snow. To miss them for a second meant, in that world of whirling snow, to lose them forever. "It was after the bear had killed Simon and had gone away. He acted exactly as if he thought of something and went out to do it—exactly as if he had a definite plan in view. Didn't you see—his anger seemed to die in him and he started off in the face of the storm. I've watched the ways of animals too long not to know that he had something in view. It wasn't food; he hadn't even attacked the body of the horse, or even Simon's body. If he had just been running away or wandering, he would have gone with the wind, not against it. He was weakened by the fight—perhaps dying—and I think—"

He finished the sentence for her, breathlessly. "That he's going toward shelter."

"Yes. You know, Bruce—the bears hibernate every year. That's my one hope now—that the Killer has gone to some cave he knows about to hibernate until this storm is over. I think from the way he started off, so sure and so straight, that it's near. It would be dry and out of the storm, and if we could take it away from him we could make a fire that the snow wouldn't put out. It would mean life—and we could go on when the storm is over."

"You remember—we have only one cartridge."

"Yes, I know—I heard you fire. And it's only a thirty-thirty at that. It's a risk—as terrible a risk as we've yet run. But it's a chance."

They talked no more. Instead, they walked as fast as they could into the face of the storm. They walked much more swiftly than the bear, and they could tell by the appearance of the tracks that they were but a few yards

He Marked the Little Space of Gray Squarely Between the Two Reddening Eyes.

step in the thicket. No more would the herds fly into stampede at the sight of his great shadow on the moonlit grass. The last of the Oregon grizzlies had gone the way of all his breed.

* * * * * *

To Bruce and Linda, standing breathless and awed in the snow-flurries, his death imaged the passing of an old order. The last stand that the forces of the wild had made against conquering man. But there was pathos in it, too. There was the symbol of mighty breeds humbled and destroyed.

But the pines were left. Those eternal symbols of the wilderness—and of powers beyond the wilderness—still stood straight and grand and impassive above them. While pines lived, at least, they would still keep their watch over the wilderness, they would still stand erect and brave to the buffeting of the storm and snow, and in their shade dwelt strength and peace.

The cavern that was revealed to them had a rock floor and had been hollowed out by running water in ages past. Here and there at its mouth and of some of the long tree roots that extended down into it, and the life-giving warmth was a benediction. Already the drifting snowwind began to cover the aperture.

"We can wait here until the blizzard is done," Bruce told Linda, as she sat beside him in the soft glow of the fire. "We have a little food, and we can cut more from the load of dead wood under the snow. And when the storm is over, we can get our bearings and walk out."

She sat a long time without answering. "And after that?" she asked.

He smiled. "No one knows. It's ten days before the thirtieth—the blizzards up here never last over three or four days. We've got plenty of time to get the document down to the courts. The law will deal with the rest of the Turners. We've won, Linda."

His hands groped for hers, and he laid it against his lips. With her other hand she stroked his snow-wet hair. Her eyes were lustrous in the firelight.

"And after that—after all that is

"Could I ever leave them!" he exclaimed. "Of course, Linda. But I don't know what I can do up here—except maybe to establish my claim to my father's old farm. There's a hundred or so acres. I believe I'd like to feel the handles of a plow in my palms."

"It was what you were made for, Bruce," she told him. "It's born in you. There's a hundred acres there—and three thousand—somewhere else. You've got the strength, Bruce. You could take hold and make them yield up their hay—and their crops—and till all these hills with the herds." She stretched out her arms. Then all at once she dropped them almost as if in supplication. But her voice had regained the old merry tune he had learned to love when she spoke again. "Bruce, have I got to do all the asking?"

His answer was to stretch his great arms and draw her into them. His laugh rang in the cavern.

"Oh, no, darest!" he cried. The eyes lighted in his bronzed face. "I ask for everything—everything—bold that I am! And what I want worst—this minute—"

"Yes?"

"—Is just—a kiss."

She gave it to him with all the tenderness of her soft lips. The snow fell down outside. Again the pines spoke to one another, but the sadness seemed mostly gone from their soft voices.

[THE END.]

BUY HIS ISLANDS WITH TOBACCO.

Living Is Cheap In the South Seas, Says Author and Wanderer.

The days are not yet past when islands and large tracts of land may be obtained in the South Seas for tobacco, trinkets, and so on, writes Jack McLaren, in London Tit-Bits.

In the Gilbert group a little while ago I was offered an island in return for a case of "trade" tobacco, a few hundred yards of cheap cloth, and half a ton of rice. The whole lot being worth less than $100. The island was fertile and ideal for a plantation; there were already many coconut trees upon it. There was also a native village, the people of which were friendly and willing to work for whoever bought the place.

The owner, a native who lived on a nearby island, declared he had no desire for the strenuous labor of plantation-making, and would gladly exchange the island for the goods mentioned. The price which he wanted was absurd, of course, but I had enough ventures on my hands at the time, without adding a plantation.

Cheaper than this, however, was the 1,000 acres I bought from the native chief of Cape York, North Australia, where I spent eight years making a coconut plantation. The blacks came to the one day, armed with wooden clubs and spears, and declared that the land was theirs and that I must get out. It was useless trying to explain that I had already arranged with the Queensland Government to take up the land; they didn't know anything about governments.

A night of anxiety followed. I dared not sleep because of a fear that they would kill me in the darkness. Finally, however, we had a parley, and on my offering to buy the land from them they agreed, and that time were agreeable. After consultation among themselves, they offered to abandon their claim to the land in my favor in return for two pounds of tobacco and half-a-dozen sheath-knives.

Along the Barrier Reef, off the coast of Australia, islands can be had for the asking. Many are fertile, with beautiful beaches, coral reefs, and jungle-covered interior which abound with game. Some of the finest fishing in the world is to be had in their vicinity, and a man could live there almost independent of the outer world.

In the Solomon Islands I once was offered a pearl-lagoon for $15. The owner was a pearl-diver native who was in love with a girl of a neighboring village, but who had not the money to buy her. He had a boat and canoe for her in accordance with local custom. He was now realizing his assets.

The following year the man was so pitiful that I lent him the money. The next time I called at his village, I found him happily married; and stuff was being loaded into my boat—I only paid me back the $15." in copra and ivory nuts, but organized a dance and feast in my honor.

Canada's Apple Orchards.

The value of apple orchards in Canada to-day is $120,000,000; and production has increased in the past five years from $12,000,000 to $27,000,000 annually, according to G. E. McIntosh, Dominion Fruit Commissioner. "And yet," the Commissioner points out, "since 1910 there has been a reduction of 99,000 acres devoted to apples. There is no overproduction of fruit in Canada, but there is under-consumption, despite the supremacy of the Canadian apple."

$2,000,000 Hotel for Quebec.

The Quebec City Council has approved a contract which grants an option to Canadian Pacific property to Hegeman, Harris Co., of New York, who, it is believed, intend erecting a $2,000,000 hotel there. The option is for six months and, if taken up, obliges the company to complete the hotel by December 31st, 1928.

Forest Fires In Alberta.

Controllable forest fires in Alberta, both in the forest reserves and outside territory, amounted to one-fifth of the number reported five years ago.

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TASMANIA.

Jans Tasman Discovered the Island on November 24, 1642.

This island was known for long as Van Diemen's Land. In 1803, it became a British settlement as a dependency of South Wales, Australia. This connection was terminated in 1825, and Tasmania given a separate government. On January 1, 1901, Tasmania was federated with the other Australian States into the Commonwealth of Australia. It has its own local Government, very similar to the Government of a province in Canada.

With the adjacent island of Macquarie (170 square miles), Tasmania has an area of 26,215 square miles, which is only 1,696 square miles less than the area of the Canadian province of New Brunswick. The population numbers 215,000. With the exception of only 700 Asiatics, the population is composed of persons of European stock. The aboriginal race is extinct. The annual value of agricultural and animal products is about $7,200,000; and of the manufactories about $13,000,000. The native live stock consists of sheep, of which there are about 1,600,000.

Forests cover a considerable part of the island, extensive lumbering operations are carried on, and several mineral deposits are worked. About 70,000,000 tons of coal are annually produced, and 800,000 ounces of silver. Gold, copper, and tin are also mined.

The climate is temperate and healthy. Snow is seldom seen except on the mountains; the mean annual temperature is 54 degrees. January is the hottest month.

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The Message

By LOUIS TRACY

Author of "Rainbow Island," "The Pillar of Light," "Wheel of Fortune," Etc., Etc.

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CHAPTER I.

Derelicts.

"It's fine!" said Arthur Warden, lowering his binoculars so as to gist his eyes with the full spectacle. "In fact, it's more than fine, it's glorious!"

He spoke aloud in his enthusiasm.

Then, at peace with the world, he devoted himself to the exquisite panorama of Cowes on a sunlit Monday of the island's great week. In front sparkled the waters of the Solent, the Bond street of ocean highways. A breath of air from the west rippled over a strong current and opposing wind. It merely kissed the emerald plain into tiny facets. It was so light a breeze that any ordinary sailing craft would have failed to make headway against the tide, and the gay flags and bunting of an innumerable pleasure fleet hung sleepily from their staffs and halyards. Yet it sufficed to bring a covey of white-winged craft flying back to Cowes after rounding the East Lepe buoy. Jackyard topsails and bowsprit spinnakers preened before it. Though almost imperceptible on shore, it awoke these gorgeous butterflies of the sea into life and motion. Huge 23-metre racers such as the White Heather II., Brynhild and Nyria, splendid cruisers like Maoona, Merry-maid, Shinna, Creole and Britonart, swooped gently into the sleepy lee of the anchored craft as though bent on self-destruction. To the unskilled eye it seemed a sheer miracle that any of them should emerge from the chaos of yachts, redwings, launches, motor-boats, excursion steamers and smaller fry that beset their path. But Cowes is nothing if not nautical. Those who understood knew that bowsprits and dinghies of moored yachts would be cleared magically, and even spinnaker booms topped to avoid lesser obstructions. Those who did not understand—who heard no syllable of the full and free language that greeted an inane row-boat essaying an adventurous crossing of the course—gaped breathlessly at these wondrous argosies, and marvelled at their escape from disaster. Then he white fleet swept past the mouth of the river, and vanished behind Old Castle Point on the way to far distant buoy or light-ship that marked the beginning of the homeward run. And that was all—a brief flight of fairy ships—and Cowes forthwith settled down to decorous junketing.

Away to the northwest a gathering of grey-hulled monsters had thundered a royal salute of twenty-one guns, and the smoke-clouds still lay in a blue film on the Hampshire coast. The Dreadnought was hauling at her anchors before taking a king and an emperor to witness the prowess of her gunners. The emperor's private yacht, a half-fledged mosquito-craft, was creeping in the wake of the competing yachts. Perchance her officers might see more of British gunnery practice than of the racing.

Close at hand a swarm of launches and ships' boats buzzed round the landing-ship of the Royal Yacht Club. The beautiful lawn and gardens were living parterres of color, for the Castle is a famous rendezvous of well-dressed women. People were grouping for luncheon either in the club-house or on board the palatial vessels in the roads. To the multitude, yachting at Cowes consists of the lure of a startling gun, the brief vision of a cluster of yachts careening under an amazing press of canvas, and, for the rest, gossip, eating, bridge—with a picnic or a dance to eke out the afternoon and evening.

Arthur Warden soon turned his back on the social paradise he was not privileged to enter. He was resigned to the fact that the breeze which sent the competitors in the various matches spinning merrily to Spithead would not move his hired cutter a yard against the tide. So, having nothing better to do, he sauntered along the promenade toward the main street.

Drifting with a holiday crowd, he bought some picture postcards, a box of cigarettes, and a basket of White house peaches. Being a dilettante in some respects, he admired and became the prospective owner of the fruit before he learnt the price. There were four peaches in the basket, and they had cost him ten shillings.

"Ah," he said, as the shopkeeper threw the half-sovereign carelessly into the till, "I see you have catered for Lucullus!"

"I don't think so, sir," said the greengrocer affably. "Where does he live?"

"He had villas at Tusculum and Neapolis."

"There's no such places in the Isle of Wight, sir."

"Strange! Has not the game-dealer across the street supplied him with peacocks' tongues?"

The man grinned.

"Somebody's bin gettin' at you, sir," he cried.

"True, very true. Yet, according to Horace, I sup with Lucullus tonight."

"Horace said that, did he?"

The greengrocer suddenly turned and peered down a side street.

"Horace!" he yelled, "who's this here Lucullus you've bin gassing about?"

A shock-headed boy appeared.

"Loo who?" said he.

Warden departed swiftly.

"My humor does not appeal to Cowes," he decided. "Quite parwanil! Better luck next time. Having conjured Horace from a coal cellar, let me now confer with Diogenes in his tub."

Applied to Peter Evans and his phenomenally small dinghy, the phrase was a happy enough description of the ex-pilot who owned the Nancy. Evans and his craft had gone out of commission together. Both were famous in the annals of Channel pilotage, but an accident had deprived Peter of his left leg, so he earned a livelihood by summer cruising round the coast, and he was now awaiting his present employer at a quay in the river Medina.

But Warden's pace slackened again once he was clear of the fruiterer's shop. Sailing was out of the question until the breeze freshened. It was in his mind to bid Peter meet him again at four o'clock. Meanwhile, he would go to Newport by train, and ramble in Parkhurst Forest for a couple of hours. Recalling that happy-go-lucky mood in later days of storm and stress, he tried to piece together the trivial incidents that were even then conspiring to bring about the great climax of his life. Face to face with it, a classical quip at his extravagance in the matter of the peaches, a slight hardening of free movement because the Portsmouth ferry-boat happened to be disgorging some hundreds of sightseers into the main street of West Cowes—each of these things, so insignificance, so commonplace, help-ed to bring him to the one spot on earth where fate, the enchantress, had set her snare in the guise of a pretty girl.

For it was undeniably a pretty face that was lifted to his when a young lady, detaching herself from the living torrent that delayed him for a few seconds on the pavement, appealed for information.

"Will you please tell me how I can ascertain the berth of the yacht Sans Souci?" she asked.

It has been seen that he was glib enough of speech, yet now he was tongue-tied. Instinctively he raised his hat as he turned to the girl and repeated her concluding words.

"The Sans Souci, did you say?"

"Yes, a steam yacht—Mr. Baumgartner's."

She paused. Though Warden was listening now, his wits were still wool-gathering.

The girl, half aware of his obsession, became confused—even a trifle resentful.

"I am sorry to trouble you," she went on nervously. "I had no idea there would be such a crowd, and I spoke to you because you appeared as looked as if you might know."

Then he recovered his self-possession, and precluded the surprise her.

"I do know," he broke in hurriedly. "Pray allow me to apologize. The sun was in my eyes. To make amends, let me put you to the Sans Souci. She is moored quite close to my cutter, and my dinghy is not fifty yards distant."

The girl drew back a little. That offer of service was rather too prompt, to say the least, although she was so good-looking that young men were apt to place themselves unreservedly at her disposal.

"I think I would prefer to hire a boat," she said coldly. She added a plain that an officer on board the steamer told me I ought to discover the whereabouts of my yacht before starting, or the boatmen would take me out of my way and overcharge me."

"Exactly. That officer's name was Solomon. Now, I propose to take you straight there for nothing. Come with me as far as the quay. One glance at Peter will relieve the confidence you have lost in me."

Then he smiled, and a woman can interpret a man's smile with almost uncanny prescience. The whiff of pique blew away, and she temporized:

"Is the San Souci a long way out?"

"Nearly a mile."

"Where is the quay you speak of?"

"Here. Close at hand."

As they walked off together she discovered out of the corner of her eye that his glance was searching the shimming mob of her fellow-passengers. She guessed that he had recognized some person unexpectedly.

"Have you sure you are not escaping on your time?" she demanded.

"Quite sure. When I said the sun was in my eyes I used poetic license. I meant that the West was in my eyes, a man who arrived on your steamer reminded me of Nigeria—where we—er—became acquainted."

"Then you want to speak to him, of course"; and she halted suddenly.

He smiled again.

"He is a Portuguese gin-trader—and worse. And he is gone. And there is Peter, sailing master, cook, and general factotum of the Nancy outfit. Don't you think Peter's wooden leg induces trust? He calls it a prop, which suggests both moral and physical support. By the way, have you ever noticed that wooden-legged men are invariably fat. And Cesar vouched for the integrity of fat men."

Though the girl began to find his chatter agreeable, she was secretly dismayed when she discovered the gigantic Peter with the diminutive dinghy. She had never before seen so broad a man or so small a boat. But she had grit, and was unwilling to voice her doubt.

"Will it hold us?" she inquired with apparent unconcern.

"Oh, yes. When Peter was a pilot that little craft carried him and his two mates through many a heavy sea.

Don't be afraid. We will put you safely on board the Sans Souci. Now, you sit there and hold the bag. I'll take my two at once, please, as I find room forrard."

"Not much of a breeze for cruisin', Mr. Warden," grinned Peter, casting an appreciative eye over the latest addition to the Nancy's muster-roll.

"We're not looking for a cruise, Peter, worse luck," said Warden. "The young lady wishes to reach that big yacht moored abreast of the cutter."

The girl nodded. She was enjoying her little adventure. It savoured of romance. Already her first feelings of nervousness had vanished. In her heart of hearts she hoped that Mr. Warden might prove to be a friend of Mr. Baumgartner's.

Under Peter's powerful strokes the dinghy sped rapidly into the open waters of the Solent. At that hour there was but slight air in the roadstead. Everybody afloat seemed to be eating. Each launch and yacht they passed held a luncheon party beneath awnings or in a deck saloon. Through the golden stillness came the pleasant notes of a band playing in the grounds of the clubhouse. A bugle sounded faint and shrill from the deck of a distant warship. Sitting in this cockleshell of a craft, so near the glistening water that one might trail both hands in it, was vastly agreeable after a long journey by rail and steamer.

A spell seemed to have been cast on their tongues. For fully five minutes no one spoke.

Owing to the shortness of the dinghy, and the fact that the girl faced Warden, with Peter intervening, the two younger people were compelled to look at each other occasionally. The man saw a sweetly pretty face, dowered with a rare combination of wayward blue eyes and purple eyelashes, and crowned with a mass of dark brown hair. Accent, manner and attire bespoke good breeding. Her dress, though simply, in blue canvas. Being somewhat of an artist, he did not fail to note that her hat, blouse, gloves and boots, though probably inexpensive, harmonized in brown tints. She was young, perhaps twenty-two. Gazing at random, he imagined her the daughter of some country rector, and, from recent observation of the Bluejacket, shed out by their public repute, he admitted a certain sentiment of surprise that such blatant parvenus should be on her visiting list.

For her part, the girl had long since discovered that her self-appointed guide was an army man. West Africa gave a hint of foreign service that was borne out by a paleness beneath the tan of the yachtman. A regular service, too, is a university in itself, conferring a well-defined tone, a subtle distinctiveness. Such things fell to her share told of drill, and his rather stern face was eloquent of one accustomed to command. Yet, for one so ready of speech after the first few words, a moment outside the steamer pier it was surprising that he should now be so taciturn.

When he did address her, he kept strictly to the purpose of their expedition.

"That is the Sans Souci" he said, pointing to a large white yacht in the distance. "A splendid vessel. Built on the Clyde, I should say. Looks like a 600-ton three-hundred tons, as' good for ten knots in any or'nary sea," put in Peter.

"You know her, of course?" went on Warden.

"No. I have never before set eyes on her."

"Well, you will enjoy your visit all the more, perhaps. From last night's indications, you should have plenty of amusement on board."

"Are there many people there, then?"

"I am not sure. The owners gave a big dinner party yesterday. The launch was coming and going at all hours."

"What is that?" she asked inconsequently, indicating with a glance a small round object bobbing merrily westward some few yards away.

"It is difficult to say. Looks like a float broken loose from a fishing net," said Warden.

"No, sir, it ain't that," pronounced Peter. "Nets have corks an' buoys, an' that ain't neether."

"You may think it absurd," cried the girl, "but I noticed just now that I caught a resemblance to a face, a distorted black face; but it has turned round."

The boatman lay on his oars, and they all looked at the dancing yellow ball hurrying to the open sea.

"At first sight it suggests a piratical pumpkin," said Warden.

"But I have been watching it quite a long time and I am certain it is black or dark-skinned," she added. Surely I am not mistaken. And the people on that yacht have seen it, too."

The girl's face flushed with excitement. The thing had really startled her, and the two men were ready to agree that the presence of a shaking visage, more than half submerged, as it swirled about in a chance eddy. That some loungers on a yacht close at hand also noticed it was made evident by their haste to run down a gangway into a boat fastened alongside.

"After it, Peter!" cried Warden. "It is the lazy's trover by the law of the high-seas. Bend your back for the honor of the Nancy. Give a bit—port. Steady all. Keep her there."

In her eagerness, the girl tried to rise to her feet.

"Sit still miss," growled Peter, laboring mightily. "Judgin' by the position of that other craft, an' from wot I know of Mr. Warden, he'll be a devil of a bump in 'arf a tick."

"Starboard a point," cooed Warden, on his knees in the bows. "Steady as she goes."

Suddenly he sprang upright.

"Hard a-starboard!" he shouted, and leaped overboard.

A yell from the opposing boat, a scream from the girl, a sharp crack as an oar-blade snapped against the sturdy rube of the dinghy, and the two boats shot past each other. Peter's prompt obedience to orders having averted a collision.

"My godfather!" he roared, "we 'ad to jump for it. But don't you worry, miss—'e can swim like a herrin'."

Nevertheless, the girl did worry, as her white face and agitation were well showed. Peter swung the dinghy about so nimbly that she lost all sense of direction. It seemed as if the laughing Solent had swallowed Warden, and she gazed affrightedly on every side but the right one.

"Oh, how could he do it?" she wailed. "I shall never forgive myself—"

Then she heard a deep breath from the waist of the boat, and she turned to see Warden, with blood streaming from a gash across his forehead, swimming easily with one hand. She whisked round and knelt on the seat.

"Quick!" she cried. "Come close, I can hold you."

"Please do not be alarmed on my account," he said coolly. "I fear I look rather ghastly, but the injury is nothing, a mere glancing blow from an oar. The peak of my cap took the worst of it."

Even in her unnerved condition she could not fail to realize that he was in no desperate plight. But she was very frightened, and grasped his wrist tenaciously when his fingers rested on the gunwale rail. Yet, even under such trying circumstances, she was helpful.

To be Continued.

What Does He Call It Now?

Mrs. Smith: "My husband calls a spade a spade, you know."

Mrs. Jones: "Well, my husband used to before he tried to dip up the garden."

The "City" of London.

Over a million people enter the City of London daily; its night population, however, is only 13,362.

The Strength of the Pines

By Edison Marshall

Author of "The Voice of the Pack"

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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The scene grew in fury. The last burst of strength was upon Simon; in another moment he would be exhausted. The bear had suffered terrible punishment from the blows of the rifle stock. He recoiled once more, then lunged with unbelievable speed. His huge paw, with all his might behind it, struck the weapon from Simon's hand.

It shot through the air seemingly almost as fast as the bullets it had often propelled from its muzzle, and struck the trunk of a tree. So hard it came that the lock was shattered; they heard the ring of metal. The bear recked forward once more and struck again. And then all the sound that was left was the eerie complaint of the wind.

Simon lay still. The brave fight was over. His trail had ended fittingly—in the grip of such powers as were typical of himself. But the bear did not long survive the fight for life. For an instant he stood like a statue in gray stone, head lowered, as if in a strange attitude of thought. Then the great grizzly uttered one deep note and half-turned about. His eyes rested upon the swan, but he did not seem to see them.

Then he turned again and headed off slowly, deliberately, directly into the face of the storm.

CHAPTER XXXI

The furries almost immediately obscured the Kindly form, as Bruce turned his attention back to Linda. "It's the end," he said quietly. "Why not here as well as anywhere else?"

The horse on which was tied their scanty blankets was miles away by now; its tracks were obscured in the snow, and they could not find their way to any shelter that might be concealed among the ridges.

But before the question was finished, a strange note had come into his voice. It was as if his attention had been called from his words by something much more momentous. The truth was that it had been caught and held by a curious expression on the girl's face. All at once she sprang to her feet.

"Bruce!" she cried. "Perhaps there's a way yet. A long, long chance, but maybe a way yet. Get your rifle—Simon's is broken—and come with me."

But waiting for him to rise she struck off into the storm, following the huge footprints of the bear. The man struggled with himself, summoned all that was left of his reserve supply of strength, and leaped up. He snatched his rifle from the ground where Simon had thrown it, and in an instant was beside her. Her cheeks were blazing.

"Maybe it just means further torture," she confessed to him, "but don't you want to make every effort we can to save ourselves? Don't you want to fight till the last breath?"

She glanced up and saw her answer in the growing strength of his face. Then his words spoke too. "As long as the slightest chance remains," he replied.

"And you'll forgive me if it comes to nothing?"

He smiled dimly. She took fresh heart when she saw he still had strength enough to smile. "You don't have to ask me that."

"A moment ago an idea came to me—it came so straight and sure it was as if a voice told me," she explained hurriedly. She didn't look at him again. She kept her eyes intent upon the great footprints in the snow. To miss them for a second meant, in that world of whirling snow, to lose them forever. "It was after the bear had killed Simon and had gone away. He acted exactly as if he thought of something and went out to do it—exactly as if he had a destination in view. Didn't you see—his anger seemed to die in him and he started off in the face of the storm. I've watched the ways of animals too long not to know that he had something in view. It wasn't food; he would have attacked the body of the horse, or even Simon's body. If he had just been running away or wandering, he would have come with the wind, not against it. He was weakened from the fight—perhaps dying—and I think—"

He finished the sentence for her, breathlessly. "That he's going toward shelter."

"Yes. You know, Bruce—the bears hibernate every year. That's my one hope now—that the Killer has gone to some cave he knows about to hibernate until this storm is over. I think from the way he started off, so sure and so straight, that it's near. It would be dry and out of the storm, and if we could take it away from him we could make a fire that the snow wouldn't put out. It would mean life—and we could go on when the storm is over."

"You remember—we have only one cartridge."

"Yes, I know—I heard you fire. And it's only a thirty-thirty at that. It's a risk—as terrible a risk as we've yet run. But it's a chance."

They talked no more. Instead, they walked as fast as they could into the face of the storm. They walked much more swiftly than the bear, and they could tell by the appearance of the tracks that they were but a few yards behind him.

They soon became aware that they were mounting a low ridge. They left the underbrush and emerged into the open timber. And all at once Bruce, who now walked in front, paused with lifted hand, and pointed. Dim through the flurries they made out the outline of the bear. And Linda's inspiration had come true.

There was a ledge of rocks just in front—a ledge as high as the rattlesnakes had loved in the blasting sun of summer—and a black hole yawned in its side. The aperture had been almost covered with the snow, and they saw that the great creature was scooping away the remainder of the white drift with his paw. As they waited, the opening grew steadily wider, revealing the mouth of a little cavern in the face of the rock.

"Shoot!" Linda whispered. "If he gets inside we won't be able to get him out."

But Bruce shook his head, then stole nearer. She understood; he had only one cartridge, and he must not take the risk of wounding the animal. The fire had to be centered on a vital place.

He walked steadily nearer until it seemed to Linda he would advance straight into reach of the terrible claws. The Killer turned his head and saw Bruce. Then he rose again in his eyes. He half-turned about; then poised to charge.

The gun moved swiftly, easily, to the man's shoulder, his chin dropped down, his straight eyes gazed along the barrel. In spite of his wound never had human arms held more steady than his did then. And he marked the little space of gray squarely between the two reddening eyes.

The finger pressed back steadily against the trigger. The rifle cracked in the silence. And then there was a curious effect of tableau, a long second in which the figures seemed to stand deathly still.

The bear leaped forward, and it seemed wholly impossible to Linda that Bruce could swerve aside in time to avoid the blow. She cried out in horror as the great paws whipped down in the place where Bruce had stood. But the man had been prepared for this very recoil, and he had sprung aside just as the claws raked past.

And the Killer would hunt no more in Trail's End. At the end of that leap he fell, his great body quivering strangely in the snow. The lead had gone straight home where it had been aimed, and the charge itself had been mostly muscular reflex. He lay still at last, a gray, mammoth figure that was no longer to be feared.

No more would the deer shudder with terror at the sound of his heavy

He Marked the Little Space of Gray Squarely Between the Two Reddening Eyes.

step in the thicket. No more would the herds fly into stampede at the sight of his great shadow on the moonlit grass. The last of the Oregon grizzlies had gone the way of all his breed.

* * * * * * *

To Bruce and Linda, standing breathless and awed in the snow-flurries, his death imaged the passing of an old order—the last stand that the forces of the wild had made against conquering man. But there was pathos in it, too. There was the symbol of nights breeds humbled and destroyed.

But the pines were left. Those eternal symbols of the wilderness—and of powers beyond the wilderness—still stood straight and sure and unassailable above them. While these two lived, at least, they would still keep their watch over the wilderness, they would still stand erect and brave to the buffeting of the storm and snow, and in their shade dwelt strength and peace.

The cavern that was revealed to them had a rock floor and had been hollowed out by running water in ages past. Bruce built a fire at its mouth of some of the long tree roots that extended down into it, and the life-giving warmth was a benediction. Already the drifting snow had begun to cover the signs of the fight.

"We can wait here until the blizzard is done," Bruce told Linda, as she sat beside him in the soft glow of the fire. "We have a little food, and we can cut steaks from the body of the grizzly when we need it. There's dead wood under the snow. And when the storm is over, we can get our bearings and walk out."

She sat a long time without answering. "And after that?" she asked.

He smiled. "No one knows. It's ten days before the thirtieth—the blizzards up here never last over three or four days. We've got plenty of time to get the document down to the courts. The law will deal with the rest of the Turners. We've won, Linda."

His hands groped for hers, and he held it against his lips. With her other hand she stroked his snow-wet hair. Her eyes were lustrous in the firelight.

"And after that—after all that is settled—You will come back to the mountains?"

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TASMANIA.

Jane Tasman Discovered the Island on November 24, 1642.

This island was known for long as Van Diemen's Land. In 1803 it became a British settlement as a dependency of South Wales, Australia. This connection was terminated in 1825, and Tasmania given a separate government. On January 1, 1901, Tasmania was federated with the other Australian States into the Commonwealth of Australia. It has its own local Government, very similar to the Government of a province in Canada.

With the adjacent island of Macquarie (170 square miles), Tasmania has an area of 26,215 square miles, which is only 1,696 square miles less than the area of the Canadian province of New Brunswick. The population numbers 215,000. With the exception of only 700 Asiatics, the population is composed of persons of European stock. The aboriginal race is extinct. The annual value of agricultural and animal products is about $7,100,000; and of the manufactories about $15,000,000. The leading live stock consists of sheep, of which there are about 1,600,000.

Forests cover a considerable part of the island, extensive lumbering operations are carried on, and several mineral deposits are worked. About 70,000 tons of coal are annually produced, and 800,000 fine ounces of silver. Gold, copper, and tin are also mined.

The climate is temperate and healthy. Snow is seldom seen except on the mountains; the mean annual temperature is 54 degrees. January is the hottest month.

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E. J. POLLARD.
Editor and Proprietor

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

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Canada's Apple Orchards.

The value of apple orchards in Canada to-day is $120,000,000; and production has increased in ten years from 13,000,000 to 27,000,000 annually, according to G. E. McIntosh, Dominion Fruit Commissioner. "And yet," the Commissioner points out, "since 1910 there has been a reduction of 99,000 acres devoted to apples. There is no overproduction of fruit in Canada, but there is under-consumption, despite the supremacy of the Canadian apple."

$2,000,000 Hotel for Quebec.

The Quebec City Council has approved a contract which grants an option on the Honolaga Market property to Hogeman, Harris Co., of New York, who, it is believed, intend erecting a $2,000,000 hotel there. The option is for six months and, if taken up, obliges the company to complete the hotel by December 31st, 1928.

Forest Fires in Alberta.

Controllable forest fires in Alberta, both in the forest reserves and outside territory, are limited to one-tenth of the number reported five years ago.

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PATROLLING THE ARCTIC

Gaelic Spoken In Cape Breton

Thousands of Miles Covered by the Royal Canadian Mounties.

Reports received by Commissioner Cortlandt Starnes from the posts of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police on Baffin, Devon and Ellesmere Islands in the Northeastern Arctic, show that the winter of 1925-26 was one of great activity, the total of miles having been traveled in the various patrols made.

Two of these journeys were of special note. One was a patrol made by Staff Sergt. A. H. Joy from Craig Harbor around the southern and western shores of Ellesmere Island to Grethauser Bay fiord and across Eureka Sound to Axel Heiberg, the large island lying to the west of Ellesmere; it occupied 40 days and the distance traversed was 975 miles. The other was made by Sergt. J. E. F. Wight from Pangnirtung fiord inland in Cumberland Gulf across the interior of Baffin Island to Lake Harbor on the southern coast of the island, accounting for 1,125 miles of travel between Feb. 15 and May 2, 1926.

The first of these was a notable piece of travel. Axel Heiberg Island having been one of the most inaccessible of the Arctic islands; Staff Sergt. Joy traveled alone, save for an Eskimo driver and dog hunter. It is expected that the new Mounted Police post at Bache peninsula will prove useful as a base from which patrols can be made to the south portion of Ellesmere Island, of Axel Heiberg and the islands farther west. Staff Sergt. Joy discovered that the western part of Ellesmere Island abounds in game.

Sergt. Wight's long patrol took him through country little known save that the latest maps proved to be inaccurate, as to the situation of several large lakes. In the course of it, he had to traverse regions unknown to his Eskimo companions.

In addition, numerous other patrols were dispatched. Dog teams have criss-crossed repeatedly, the detachments at Craig Harbor on Ellesmere Island and Pangnirtung Fiord on Baffin Island each being visited each other. The Mounted Police now have patrolled the whole of the seacoast of the southern half of Ellesmere Island, from the west to the south coast, the east coast to Kane Bason, and the west coast to Grethauser Bay fiord. They also have patrolled part of the coast of Axel Heiberg; the northern and southern coasts of Baffin Island, as well as from end to end of Lake Harbor inland. The distance travelled by the two detachments on Baffin Island was over 6,000 miles, while the Craig Harbor detachment covered a total of 4,000 miles, a mileage of 3,300—these figures being exclusive of the ground traversed in hunting trips.

Many hardships were faced by the men in their journeys over ground that in many cases was unknown. Thus during the fall patrol across the glacier to reach the southern coast of Devon Island ran into a net-work of deep crevasses asked by light snow, discovering them only when the dogs or his dog teams break through; one trace broke and the dog was not heard of for days. While on Axel Heiberg both he and his companion suffered from snow-blindness.

Sergt. Wight's long patrol was for the purpose of investigating the alleged murder of an Eskimo several years ago. During his stay on south coast of Baffin's Island he visited a number of small camps of Eskimos, finding a good deal of destitution among some of these bands, and relieving their distress.

EATING TO QUALIFY.

Students For the English Bar Must Dine as Part of Their Course.

Once upon a time a man could become a barrister-at-law by the simple process of eating seventy-two dinners! Each of the four Inns of Court, which have the sole right to confer the degree of barrister-at-law in the Old Country, required the young advocate to keep twelve terms. All that was necessary to "keep terms" was to be present six times in each term at the dinner in Hall.

Nowadays, it is not so easy to qualify. Many more than six students have had to pass examinations; and these become stiffer every year. But the requirement that every young student to eat dinners persists. It is seldom dispensed with.

Dining in Hall is a very pleasant function. The company dine in messes of four, each mess being presided over by a captain, who is an honorary member. He has also the privilege of choosing the wine, of cutting the joint, and of drinking first from the loving cup on Guest Nights and other festive occasions. Each member of each mess has little duties to perform; and everything must pass round the way of the sun. Students dine in sleeveless gowns; barristers in their ordinary stuff gowns. The high table, the seating of each Inn, dine apart—at a high table. They are mostly judges and K.C.'s.

In the Middle Temple there is yet another table set apart—for the "Ancients," the twelve senior members of the junior Bar. Students eat only 2oz extra wine allowance and better fare.

Nowadays the sombre old Halls of the Inns are made brighter by the presence of lady students. These, too, have a table of their own.

Britain's Last Lottery.

The suggestion that a State Lottery should be instituted in order to help the Exchequer to meet the losses caused by the coal dispute gives particular interest, October 18, 1826, some hundred years ago—was the date of the last lottery.

Before lotteries were abolished the Government drew an annual revenue of £250,000 from them. Many of the resources, and some important public works were financed from the proceeds of lotteries. Somerset House, minister Bridge was built in this way, about the middle of the eighteenth century.

It is also interesting to note that the famous Adelphi Terrace, and the surrounding streets in the Strand, built by the brothers Adam, were disposed of by lottery.

After a time, however, the evils of lottery speculation, by which many people were ruined and driven to suicide, became so great that unauthorized lotteries were made illegal, and finally even the state ones were abolished.

National Park for South Africa.

Another national park for South Africa, to be in the Drakensberg region, including Mont-aux-Sources, 11,000 feet, the highest peak in the Union of South Africa, is planned for 1927. The district contains beautiful flora, and a game reserve with fine herds of eland and other animals.

National Gold Supply Accumulating.

The national gold supply is steadily accumulating at Ottawa owing to the fact that Ontario mines are now shipping to the Dominion capital instead of to New York.

THE SCHOOL ON WHEELS

TEACHING CHILDREN IN WILDS OF NORTHERN ONTARIO.

Teachers In Railway, Cars Spend Short Periods of Time Instructing Pupils, Who Are Eager to Learn—The Caravan Schoolmaster.

A train whistle rang weirdly across a section of the black wilds of Northern Ontario, writes Gregory Clark in Toronto Star Weekly.

Five moose, two deer, ten foxes, three hundred rabbits and two little boys cocked their ears sharply.

The moose, deer, foxes and rabbits promptly went on eating. But the two small boys were galvanized into furious action. They charged into the door of a sagging log shanty. They grabbed a couple of little books off the window sill. Speechless with excitement, they fought against their mother who tried to fuss, mother-like, with their clothes. Then they fled, not one but a dozen, down a moss-deep tote-road towards the train whistle.

The train whistle was the school bell. The school on wheels had arrived. Education by freight was at hand. Into the black north, where there are still prospectors with the courage and little children have to make the best of it, there had rolled, on the tail-end of a freight train, a little red car containing the magic carpet of book learning.

Before the freight had succeeded in backing the car on to the siding at the special siding, children were arriving out of the bleak spruce wilderness along the tracks. Some of the children were native Indians. In the cold, since the coming of the car, at intervals of weeks, is rumored ahead from section gang to section gang, and hardly is the school car "spotted" before the little children of the wilderness are swinging eagerly up the steps.

To realize the part these two Ontario school cars are playing across the broad, lonely north land, where one on the Canadian National and one on the C.P.R., you must realize that even the smallest villages of lumbermen, trappers and railroaders scattered across that country have their schools, their own little "little" school houses, with resident teachers.

But the gaps between these settlements are long and wild. And in the spring, when the frost is out and the railway tracks, are little hidden shanties and log cabins where a strange nomad race of people of the backwoodlities of the north dwell. It is for these the school cars cruise their hundred-mile long circuits, and their teachers, who are "boarded out" for them in the unlikeliest bits of abandoned wilderness where the transcontinental trains whizz through and even the freights do not regularly go.

It was the Canadian National school car we visited, on one of its periodical visitations to Cache. It has seven stopping places on its two hundred-mile school district. It halts for three to five days at each place, and each stopping place is a new district. Where on Axel Heiberg both he and his companion suffered from snow-blindness.

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BRITISH SOBRIETY GROWS.

Scotland Is Becoming One of the Most Temperate Countries In the World.

Certain peculiarities of the British climate permit the taking of more alcohol, without external effect, than is safe in the more virtuous American air, says the New York Times. So Thackeray found when he visited this continent. So American experimenters in both countries have discovered. Americans were unwise until about 1919. Then they went to the out-of-fashion. Temperance increased, notably during the war. The Federal Government threw away temperance, tried to make it impossible, tried to force total abstinence. Great Britain has trusted to time, no hasty reformer. From the London, the England, of Gin Lane to the London and England of to-day, there has been a steady, unspectacular change in drinking habits. Imperceptible year by year the improvement is great, if still far from great enough.

Nowadays, indeed, the improvement is annual. From the licensing statistics for 1925, just published by the Government, it appears that convictions for drunkenness in England and Wales in that year were 75,000 less than in 1913. Even in these days it be said that restrictions on the hours of public houses are in part or mostly responsible for this, that they have failed to reduce drinking, but prohibition has been successful. And how are we to account for the decline of the Scotch whisky that the distillers lay it to the high taxes. However caused it is a fact. A Scottish reformer remarks that the per capita consumption of whiskey, allowing for the increase in population, was only about one-third in 1924 of what it was in 1913.

This means that many whiskey drinkers are consoling themselves with tea and substitutes. In England and Wales, since 1904, licenses to sell on the premises were less by 31,400 in 1925. Meanwhile the "clubs" have increased by 5,400, the gain still remains considerable. But take Glasgow. A generation ago Glasgow boasted 1,200 "public" houses, including licensed houses, including licensed grocers and hotels is 1,517 for a population nearly six times greater.

As for whiskey drinking it is shrinking, so rapidly that Scotland, where it was the favorite tipple, is becoming one of the most temperate countries in the world. Those who went out on a "holiday" recently would have difficulty in seeing drunken crowds of many thousands a tipsy man and where a great contrast to what they would have seen twenty years ago.

A Lilac Lobster.

Twelve months ago the first lilac-colored lobster was captured off the Sussex (England) coast. Now another has been secured and housed in Brighton Aquarium.

"Lilac the First" was a dainty and slender young "Lady," but had unfortunately lost an arm. "Lilac the Second," is from three to four times as big, and complete in every respect. Its measurements are 14 inches by 3 inches. Her claws are immense, and her antennæ, orange in color, are 16 inches in length.

"Lilac the First" was costumed in a one-piece suit of a delightful shade of purest lilac, but, although the precise original color of the new subject is also lilac, other tints are embraced in her color scheme. She wears a coat which at the back is bright lilac, shading off to a cream white, and tiled with bluish brown at the front.

The shapely legs are encased in diagonal sports suits—the days to date lilac, mottled with cerulean blue.

Nine Times a Champion.

Nine times a champion, Selecta Ideal, a fox-terrier recently shown in London, is just over two years old. His owner has refused £5,000 for him.

WHY CLOTHES ARE COSTLY.

Process of Making Fine Grades of Cloth Is Lengthy.

Quite good wool is quoted at three and eightpence a pound, says an Old Country paper, and seeing that the weight of the material used in making a suit of clothes may amount to three pounds it seems at first sight that the price charged the customer by the tailor is unreasonably high.

But the price quoted above is for raw wool, and it is by no means true that results in an amazing loss in weight—no less than seventy-five per cent—so that after scouring a hundred pounds of wool there are no more than twenty-five pounds. Consequently, the price of wool fit for making high grades of cloth is somewhat nearer fifteen than four shillings a pound.

Even after the wool is scoured it has to go through four different machines before it can be spun. Carding is done by passing it through rollers provided with steel points which revolve in opposite directions. The best cloths are made of new wool, but the cheaper are made partly of "shoddy." Shoddy is not nearly such good stuff as is generally supposed, for it is the pick of long-fibred waste wools. The weaving machines are very costly and work very delicately by women. When off the loom the cloth is rough and unattractive, but after it has been dyed, cleaned, and shrunk before it can go to the tailor.

There are in the world nearly six hundred million sheep, of which more than one-third are in Europe. English sheep produce good mutton, but their wool is not of the finest quality. The wool of Welsh sheep is the best in quality, Leicester the longest.

If English-grown wool is not the best, there is, however, no doubt that English-made woollen goods are the finest in the world. Huddersfield has the reputation of producing the finest worsted cloths, and this town exports her products to every part of the world.

Tipsy Bees.

In the autumn the bee, that hard-working and order-loving insect, often gets drunk. It feeds on fermented ripe plums, and the alcohol they contain sometimes intoxicates it.

The production of alcohol from plums and certain other fruits—particularly from the Indian prickly pear—is carried out on a considerable scale and in the French fruit-growing districts, who for some time have made alcohol from plums are said to be contemplating an increase in production.

Tribute to Sir Esme Howard

Anne Hard, wife of William Hard, formerly Washington correspondent of the Nation, and one of the well-known women journalists in the United States, has contributed to the New York Herald Tribune an article on Sir Esme Howard, while the British Ambassador will probably file away in the family archives. It is not often we find members of the Hard family writing with warm approval of anybody. As a rule they are critical if not cynical, and Mrs. Hard often apologizes for the rosily charming things she feels impelled to say about Sir Esme Howard, for she observes: "In what I shall say I expect I will be accused of sentimentalism. But my impression is shared by everyone who knows the Howards in Washington, if not by sentimentalism, then there are some very hard-boiled sentimentalists in this town." she records, as she pauses while sitting in a Washington park, looking benevolently upon the motley throng that was enjoying an early Spring day, while lunch or dinner pails lay beside them. It was a characteristic picture in that the Howards were there, as elsewhere, utterly unconscious of themselves. With equal unconcern we can imagine them eating a lunch out of a paper bag, difficult though it would be to keep the per capita consumption of whiskey allowing for the increase in population, was only about one-third in 1924 of what it was in 1913.

This means that many whiskey drinkers are consoling themselves with tea and substitutes. In England and Wales, since 1904, licenses to sell on the premises were less by 31,400 in 1925. Meanwhile the "clubs" have increased by 5,400, the gain still remains considerable. But take Glasgow. A generation ago Glasgow boasted 1,200 "public" houses, including licensed grocers and hotels is 1,517 for a population nearly six times greater.

As for whiskey drinking it is shrinking, so rapidly that Scotland, where it was the favorite tipple, is becoming one of the most temperate countries in the world. Those who went out on a "holiday" recently would have difficulty in seeing drunken crowds of many thousands a tipsy man and where a great contrast to what they would have seen twenty years ago.

A Lilac Lobster.

Twelve months ago the first lilac-colored lobster was captured off the Sussex (England) coast. Now another has been secured and housed in Brighton Aquarium.

"Lilac the First" was a dainty and slender young "Lady," but had unfortunately lost an arm. "Lilac the Second," is from three to four times as big, and complete in every respect. Its measurements are 14 inches by 3 inches. Her claws are immense, and her antennæ, orange in color, are 16 inches in length.

"Lilac the First" was costumed in a one-piece suit of a delightful shade of purest lilac, but, although the precise original color of the new subject is also lilac, other tints are embraced in her color scheme. She wears a coat which at the back is bright lilac, shading off to a cream white, and tiled with bluish brown at the front.

The shapely legs are encased in diagonal sports suits—the days to date lilac, mottled with cerulean blue.

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Music Charms Horses.

Horses are particularly sensitive to music, especially martial airs. In 1892 a certain regiment was making a military test march. When the music started a young horse, ridden by a captain, hastened forward and placed itself, in spite of its rider, behind the last rank of the musicians. Then it followed peacefully, giving obvious signs of pleasure. When the music ceased the captain was able to resume his place at the head of his company. But when the band struck up again the horse galloped ahead, and once more placed itself behind the musicians.

Untamed Foxes for Finland.

Thirty foxes, bred in captivity but untamed, have left Kingston for Helsingfors, Finland, via the Canadian Pacific Express. They are destined to Finland's first Canadian fox farm, go be operated by Chester Simpson, an Ontario breeder.

Now Turning Out Paper.

Paper is now being turned out at the new mill of the Manitoba Paper Company, at Pine Falls. It has been developed at Pine Falls which is expected to have a population of 2,500 within a year's time.

WHAT A MAN WILL DO FOR LOVE

Count Relinquishes Large Income to Wed Village Maiden.

The German who had his right arm amputated the other day because it had accidentally struck the girl he loved and brought tears of pain to her eyes is only one of many men who have done extraordinary things under the spell of infatuation. A few years ago M. Carlier, a Belgian, whose courage had been questioned by the women he loved, walked unconcernedly into a cage of lions, and after reading a newspaper and smoking a cigarette, he calmly amid a chorus of fierce snarls and growls, walked out again as unruffled as when he had walked in.

A few years ago a wealthy young Parisian, M. Chataignon, was accused by his fiancee of idleness and effeminacy. He promptly set out on a tramp round the world, with a solitary franc in his pocket and carrying his bride-to-be's portrait. He reappeared, after covering over 30,000 miles, and having saved from his earnings the equivalent of $2,500.

It is not long since the heir to a noble Italian house was lathering faces in the shop of a Clerkenwell barber, on the results of his adventure in matrimony.

Son and heir to the Marquis di Casarzo, he had turned his back on titles and fortune at the bidding of love in the form of a pretty young dressmaker whom he brought to London to marry.

"We came to London," he told the writer, "and my sweetheart became my wife. Before long the money was gone, and I set out to look for work. My wife determined to return to her occupation, and got a sewing-machine on the hire system. When I arrived at the address given me I was invited to enter, and found my wife in the arms of her employer."

And so it has always been. Sheridan was so infatuated with Miss Linley as the "Nightingale of Bath," that many a time he disguised himself as a link-boy or hackney-coachman to follow the woman he courted home. Canning, the statesman, spent one long vacation as groom that he might have the delight of riding behind his mistress' carriage.

And Mr. Sellwood, a well-born Englishman of the same period, in order to be near the woman he had loved and lost to another, served as footman to her husband for twenty years, until, on the master's death, his loyalty was at last rewarded.

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Whether the earl believed in this superstition himself or not, many other famous men have been held in thrall by similar fancies. Charles Dickens, whose son, Sir H. F. Dickens, K.C., is now celebrating his golden wedding, firmly believed in the luck of Friday. In his House of Commons days the Earl of Balfour would never go "touring wood." Theodore Roosevelt thinks a dead hedgehog an evil omen.

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Two years ago the first consignment of Australian grouse was imported from Scotland to New Zealand. While crossing the Tropics the birds had to be kept in a specially-cooled room, but they arrived all right and in years to come New Zealand grouse moors will no doubt realize big rents.

It is twenty-five years since Scottish grouse were sent out to the East Prussian moors, and they have multiplied so rapidly that now they attract in thousands and afford excellent sport.

There are streams stocked with English brown trout in South Africa, Chile, Australia, and New Zealand. In the South Island they have grown to the size of salmon, flourishing so amazingly that to-day spawn of New Zealand trout is actually being exported to England in the hope of developing the ova of the trout in Old Country streams.

HEARTY ARAB HOSPITALITY

Carries on the Manners and Customs of His Forbears.

The genuine Arab clings closely to tradition and carries on the manners and customs of his forbears for centuries back with very little deviation. Time means little to him, but the Arab changes but little.

A visitor who spent a considerable time in Iraq, that great Arab stronghold lying along the borders of Mesopotamia, which Ptolemy, the second century geographer, refers to as Babylonia, gives an interesting account of a stay in an Arab home.

His writes: When you arrive at an Arab's house for dinner you are shown into a large room with couches (of the Arab type, which are wooden and black) placed round the wall. Rugs, usually Beluchis, are thrown over these, and one sits down (or rather sq) on them, with one's feet tucked well away; for it is the worst of bad manners to show the sole of one's foot to your host—this error to be compared with putting out your tongue to an Englishman.

Time does not count at a formal Arab dinner. Whilst I, barefooted "boy" brings round glasses of sweet syrup and long cigarettes. Everyone smokes and conversation begins. Conversation is far dinner, dinner seems to be the last thing in your host's mind. So people talk and smoke.

The guest unused to Arab ways begins to wonder if he has made a mistake and had better say "Good night" and depart. But after some uneasiness is made to the host, who, slipping off his couch, suggests that perhaps the moment has arrived to eat his poor food.

You pass into a little ante-room. One by one the guests follow you into another a beaker of perfumed water. You hold out your hands and they are laved and dried for you on a strip of embroidered linen. You are able to in the room your are to eat in.

As the guests are British, the meal is served in European fashion, to the discomfort of the host.

Your Arab is pure democrat. Precedence is given according to age, inclination, nor social standing; and if your host be poor big wealthier guests rally round him and furnish his table for him. Nor he should be shamed before his guests; therefore the silver, glass and china may all be laid and affied for you on a strip of embroidered linen, and are able to in the room your are to eat in.

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CONCERNING THE BIBLE.

Thousands of Miles Covered by the Royal Canadian Mounties.

Reports received by Commissioner Cortlandt Starnes from the posts of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police on Baffin, Devon and Ellesmere Islands in the Northeastern Arctic, show that the winter of 1925-26 was one of great activity, the total of miles having been traveled in the various patrols made.

Two of these journeys were of special note. One was a patrol made by Staff Sergt. A. H. Joy from Craig Harbor around the southern and western shores of Ellesmere Island to Grethauser Bay fiord and across Eureka Sound to Axel Heiberg, the large island lying to the west of Ellesmere; it occupied 40 days and the distance traversed was 975 miles. The other was made by Sergt. J. E. F. Wight from Pangnirtung fiord inland in Cumberland Gulf across the interior of Baffin Island to Lake Harbor on the southern coast of the island, accounting for 1,125 miles of travel between Feb. 15 and May 2, 1926.

The first of these was a notable piece of travel. Axel Heiberg Island having been one of the most inaccessible of the Arctic islands; Staff Sergt. Joy traveled alone, save for an Eskimo driver and dog hunter. It is expected that the new Mounted Police post at Bache peninsula will prove useful as a base from which patrols can be made to the south portion of Ellesmere Island, of Axel Heiberg and the islands farther west. Staff Sergt. Joy discovered that the western part of Ellesmere Island abounds in game.

Sergt. Wight's long patrol took him through country little known save that the latest maps proved to be inaccurate, as to the situation of several large lakes. In the course of it, he had to traverse regions unknown to his Eskimo companions.

In addition, numerous other patrols were dispatched. Dog teams have criss-crossed repeatedly, the detachments at Craig Harbor on Ellesmere Island and Pangnirtung Fiord on Baffin Island each being visited each other. The Mounted Police now have patrolled the whole of the seacoast of the southern half of Ellesmere Island, from the west to the south coast, the east coast to Kane Bason, and the west coast to Grethauser Bay fiord. They also have patrolled part of the coast of Axel Heiberg; the northern and southern coasts of Baffin Island, as well as from end to end of Lake Harbor inland. The distance travelled by the two detachments on Baffin Island was over 6,000 miles, while the Craig Harbor detachment covered a total of 4,000 miles, a mileage of 3,300—these figures being exclusive of the ground traversed in hunting trips.

Many hardships were faced by the men in their journeys over ground that in many cases was unknown. Thus during the fall patrol across the glacier to reach the southern coast of Devon Island ran into a net-work of deep crevasses asked by light snow, discovering them only when the dogs or his dog teams break through; one trace broke and the dog was not heard of for days. While on Axel Heiberg both he and his companion suffered from snow-blindness.

Sergt. Wight's long patrol was for the purpose of investigating the alleged murder of an Eskimo several years ago. During his stay on south coast of Baffin's Island he visited a number of small camps of Eskimos, finding a good deal of destitution among some of these bands, and relieving their distress.

EATING TO QUALIFY.

Students For the English Bar Must Dine as Part of Their Course.

Once upon a time a man could become a barrister-at-law by the simple process of eating seventy-two dinners! Each of the four Inns of Court, which have the sole right to confer the degree of barrister-at-law in the Old Country, required the young advocate to keep twelve terms. All that was necessary to "keep terms" was to be present six times in each term at the dinner in Hall.

Nowadays, it is not so easy to qualify. many more than six students have had to pass examinations; and these become stiffer every year. But the requirement that every young student to eat dinners persists. It is seldom dispensed with.

Dining in Hall is a very pleasant function. The company dine in messes of four, each mess being presided over by a captain, who is an honorary member. He has also the

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23-1-y

GET IT AT

WALLACE'S

PERSONALS

(All our readers are cordially invited to hand in, or send in, any news they may have for this column).

Rev. and Mrs. W. R. Tanton spent Christmas in Belleville.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack McPherson and Mr. David Roffey are spending a month in Strafford.

Miss Very Shorey, B.N., and Miss Clara Bullock, Watertown, N.Y., spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Canfield Shorey.

Mrs. H. E. Smith and Master Goldwin Smith spent Christmas with friends in Kingston.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. D. Vanalstine spent Christmas with relatives at Yarker.

Miss Helen Grange is spending the holidays with her sister, Mrs. Lailey, Toronto.

Rev. A. J. Wilson is spending the holidays with his mother in Buffalo, N.Y.

Mrs. Alma Aikenbrack, B.A., Vars, is spending the holidays with friends in Napanee and Kingston.

Miss Irene Cowan, Toronto, spent Christmas with her grandfather, Mr. Geo. W. Shibley.

Miss Edith Baker, Ottawa, spent Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Baker.

Miss Marjorie Parks has returned from spending the past four months in Toronto and Bay City.

Mr. Clarence Vine, Detroit, is spending the holidays here.

Mrs. Will Schell and family, Hawley, spent Christmas the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Hansuld.

Miss Hypatia Fox, Midland, and Miss Rola Fox, Toronto, are visiting their father, Mr. Max Fox.

Mrs. Fraser Holland, Toronto, is spending the holidays with her mother, Mrs. J. A. Fraser.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Smith are visiting their son, Dr. L. M. Smith, New York.

Miss Mildred Brown, St. Anne de Bellevue, is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Brown.

Mr. Frank Laughland, Montreal, spent Christmas with his brother, Mr. Jas. Laughland.

Messrs. George and Jas. Daly are home from Toronto for the holidays.

Mr. Arnold Wiley, Kingston, spent Christmas with friends in Napanee.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fraser, New York, are guests of his mother, Mrs. John Fraser.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. VanAlstyne spent Christmas with Mrs. VanAlstyne's parents, at Robbin.

Mr. and Mrs. Crawford spent Christmas with their daughter in London, Ont.

Dr. L. Lewis spent Christmas at his home in Hamilton.

Miss Friedman is spending the holidays at her home in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Knight spent the week-end with friends in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Vrooman, Montreal, are spending the holidays with his mother.

Miss Muriel Paul and her nephew, Lloyd Telfer, of Hamilton, spent the Xmas holidays with Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Paul, Elm Lodge.

Mrs. and Miss Williams, Camden East, spend Xmas with Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Paul.

Mrs. R. W. Denison and family have returned from Dearborn, Mich., to reside in Napanee.

Miss Dorcas Randall is spending the Christmas recess with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Randall.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Sampson, Flint, Mich., are guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Simmons, Camden East.

Miss Madeline Stevens, Detroit, Mich., is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Manson Stevens.

Principal and Mrs. McGreer, of Lennoxville, Que., spent the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McGreer.

Miss Blanche Rawley is spending the holidays with her sister, Mrs. Riches, Lindsay.

Mrs. M. H. Baughan has returned after spending the last six weeks in New York City and Jersey City.

Mrs. Baughan, Beatrice and Edwin, spent Christmas in Kingston.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Spencer, Toronto, are guests of his mother, Mrs. D. W. Spencer.

Mr. Will Shirley, Wheeling, Va., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Boyes.

Mr. and Mrs. John Miller, Darlingford, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Miller.

Mr. J. L. Murray is spending the holidays at Prescott.

Mrs. T. D'Arcy Sneath, Boston, is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Herrington.

Mrs. L. F. Bogart is spending the winter in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Solmes spent Christmas with friends in Syracuse, N.Y.

Mr. Douglas Doller and Miss Marjorie Doller, Toronto, spent Christmas with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Doller.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams, Stirling, are guests of Mrs. Wm. Millsap.

Mr. E. Elliott and Mrs. Ethel Joyce, Toronto, spent Christmas with her mother, Mrs. VanAlstyne. Mrs. Joyce will remain for the remainder of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Meggs, Windsor, Ont., spent Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Davy. Mrs. Meggs will remain for a few days.

Mr. Simon Kehoe, Duluth, Minn., is visiting his sisters, Mrs. Sanford Long and Mrs. R. Kirkpatrick, also relatives at Tweed, whom he has not seen for twenty-two years.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Gould and Mr. A. B. Gould, Napanee; Mr. and Mrs. Jas. W. Clark and family, Bethany, and Mrs. Louise Curle, Mr. Willet Curle and Hugh Rikey spent Xmas with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Curle, Big Creek.

Dr. White

Late SOPER & WHITE

2 Toronto St., Toronto

Specialist on Chronic and Blood Diseases

If unable to call send history

48-1

Dr. Cameron Wilson expects to be in his office on or about Jan. 3rd, 1927.

Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Wallace and Miss Helen are spending a few days in Toronto.

Misses Jean and Eileen McCormack are home from Toronto for the holidays.

Mrs. W. S. Smith and daughter, Helen, Toronto, are guests of Mrs. Agnes Young, Centre street.

Miss Muriel Shannon, Toronto, is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Shannon.

Misses Betty Smith and Elizabeth Carmichael are home from Queen's University for the holidays.

Judge Deroche and family, Belleville, spent Christmas the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Deroche.

Miss Helen Daly, Boston, Miss Mary, New York, Miss Hilda and Master Bill Daly, Toronto, are spending the holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Daly.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Ming, Ottawa, have been spending the past week with her mother, Mrs. F. H. Perry, who has been very ill in Kingston General Hospital, but is now improving.

Mrs. Reeve, Master Billy and Miss Mary Reeve, Ottawa, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Simpson.

Mr. and Mrs. Best, Wellington, Miss Billy Madden and Messrs. Bruce and Orval Madden, Toronto, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Madden.

Mrs. Norman W. Perry, a former resident of this county, died on Thursday, Dec. 23rd, in Vancouver, B.C. The late Mrs. Perry was a sister-in-law of Mr. F. H. Perry, and a sister of Mr. Chas. W. Hambly, Napanee.

MARRIAGES

Babcock — Wright—In St. Mark's Anglican Church, Orangeville, by Rev. (Capt.) McDonald, Ruth K. Wright, to Capt. H. LeRoy Babcock, both of Napanee.

Shoemaker—Wootton—At Napanee, on Monday, Dec. 27th, 1926, by the Rev. J. H. H. Coleman, M.A., Margaret Eleanor Wootton, B.A., to Clinton A. Shoemaker, B.S.A.

DEATHS

Benn—At Napanee, on Monday, Dec. 27th, 1926, Elizabeth Jane Benn, widow of the late James Benn, aged 62 years. Funeral from her late residence on Thursday at 1.30 p.m. Interment at Newburgh.

Gausden—At Richmond, on Thursday, December 23rd, 1926, Charles T. Gausden, aged 75 years, 7 months.

Middleton—At Detroit, Mich., on Sunday, Dec. 26th, 1926, Kenneth Middleton, aged 3 months.

McMillan—At Ernesttown, on Wednesday, Dec. 22nd, 1926, Marietta McMillan, aged 91 years, 1 month.

Sampson—At Napanee, on Monday, Dec. 27th, 1926, George Sampson, aged 78 years, 5 months.

Atwater Kent Radios. Get yours at Gibbard's.

Mrs. T. B. Lewis and family wish to thank their neighbors and friends for the many kindnesses shown them during their late bereavement.

Leo Maracle and Peter Jaynes, the ringleaders in the recent assault of Chief of Police Wilkins, of Deseronto, were sent up for trial by Magistrate Bedford, while the other four were dismissed.

The Imperial Conference used Mr. Albert Close's maps and charts for reference and bought several. On Armistice Day, Mr. Close's Western Front map was hung in a window in Whitehall, near the Cenotaph. The crowd around it was so great that it blocked the street half way across so Stanford informed Mr. Close.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Wootton, on Monday, when their eldest daughter, Margaret Eleanor, was united in marriage to Clinton A. Shoemaker, B.S.A., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Shoemaker, of Ottawa. The Rev. J. H. H. Coleman, M.A., performed the ceremony in the presence of the immediate relatives. Mr. and Mrs. Shoemaker left for points East and on their return will reside in Napanee.

With the closing of the Collegiate Institute Wednesday for the Christmas holidays, a jolly dance was held in the Assembly Hall Wednesday night and was attended by a large gathering of pupils and ex-pupils. The room was artistically decorated for the occasion and a most enjoyable evening was spent by everyone, excellent dance music being furnished by Walters' Orchestra. At intermission a dandy lunch was served after which the festivities continued until the "wee sma' hours."

The Christmas services in St. Mary Magdalene Church were most enjoyable to the large congregations present. The church was tastefully decorated. The music was specially well rendered, and besides the old familiar hymns included a fine anthem in which the solo part was taken by Miss Hilda McGreer, and the beautiful selection from the "Messiah" "O Thou That Tellest" given by Miss Herrington. Much of the music was repeated on Sunday. The Vicar preached on Christmas and Rev. Principal McGreer on Sunday. The number of communicants was larger and the offertory even more generous than last year.

FREE!

One pair candlesticks given away with every 50c. tin Rogers' Brushing Lacquer. Easy to apply, dries in 30 minutes. All shades.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

Merchandise in Harmony with the Season

Guaranteed Qualities and Values

At Robinson's

Women's Fine Fur Coats

Hudson Seal - Persian Lamb - Muskrat - Coon

Canada is a country of furs. Our climate demands them for protection and comfort. Then too, they are equally as attractive from a fashion viewpoint. Designers have truly wrought wonders in combining both artistic style and durability.

Our present assemblange of fine coats for Women's and Misses' wear leaves nothing to be desides. They possess the deep, rich, full furred qualities of prime skins and radiate at the same time the most authentic silhouettes and combinations.

These fine coats were produced in the larger Canadian factories. In many instances, when ever possible, skins were bought direct from Canadian trappers. Expert operators assorted them, dressed them, dyed them, matched them, and finally assembled them into coats of surpassing beauty, charm and durability.

It has always been our policy to place really good furs, dependable furs, within easy reach of all our customers. Our system of purchasing and merchandising furs enable us to quote prices not obtainable elsewhere for similar qualities.

At present our stock of fur coats offers a splendid variety for individual selection. All the fashionable furs in their most artistic combinations are displayed.

NOTE THESE FOLLOWING VALUES :

Natural Muskrat Coats	$189.00
Plain French Seal	$100.00 to $150.00
Trimmed French Seal	$150.00 to $195.00
Plain Hudson Seal	$275.00 to $315.00
Trimmed Hudson Seal	$335.00 to $425.00
Plain Persian Lamb	$325.00
Trimmed Persian Lamb	$325.00 to $425.00

We invite your inspection.

Warm Wool Dresses in Fashionable Modes

For Winter Wear

A lot of women simply swear by a dress of this type. They depend upon them for many occasions during the winter. Besides being exceptionally good-looking, they are warm and comfortable.

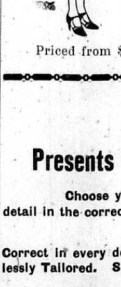
Our present stock consists of many individually styled dresses. Poiret Twill and Wool Repp are the materials employed.

Shown in shades of Navy, Black, Jungle Green, Claret, Cocoa and Grey.

Priced from $12.95 to $35.00.

Formal Afternoon Dresses

Fashionable Versions of the Present Mode



The holiday season is here. It's a time for merry-making and social activities. Your wardrobe must contain 'frocks' in keeping with the various functions that you attend. Many women get exceptional service from formal afternoon dresses.

Our holiday assemblage is replete with just the type of dresses you'll require most.

Displayed are exquisite creations stressing the new dolman sleeve treatment, the new suede belt idea, the vogue for two material combination, the introduction of tiered skirts, the continuance of pleated skirts effects.

Georgette is the favored material, whether used alone or in combination with velvet—shiny Satin Crepe, Sinbad Crepe, Flat Crepe and Cut Velvets are other favored materials.

Green remains a favored shade—Claret shdaes are also good, wood tones are equally as fashionable, while Navy, Black and Grey are being readily chosen by discriminating women.

Priced from $19.75 to $60.00.

Sport Dresses in Wool or Jersey

Numerous Charming Combinations

Both New York and Paris sponsor these very popular materials. They come in weights wonderfully suited for winter wear, being both light weight and warm. In this field Canadian manufacturers really excell. Materials are successfully woven in very fine patterns and in very delightful colorings.

One-piece blouse back and two-piece styles constitute the vogue. Many two toned color combinations are displayed in bright, vivid tones.

Your choosing now may be done very advantageously.

Priced From $5.00 to $27.50

5 Only, Cut Velvet Dress Lengths

To Clear $4.50 Yd.

REGULAR $6.50, $6.95, $8.50 YARD

These are very rich Cut Velvets. 1 only Black, 1 only Green, one only Corn Flower, and 2 only two-tone effects.

Foundations are Georgette and Ninon.

Each length is 3 yards, and 36 in. wide.

SATIN BARONET

REGULAR $1.75

FOR $1.59 YARD

In this splendid line of Dress Satin ten rich colorings are being shown, including Black.

It has a rich satin finish and can be made into a rich dress or a serviceable slip. Full 36 in. wide.

Our Men's Department

Presents Complete Assortments of the Correct Clothes for Social Functions

Choose your clothes for the Holiday Events at Robinson's and rest assured that you will be turned out to the last detail in the correct manner, and have Quality and Expert Tailoring.

TUXEDO SUITS INTERESTINGLY PRICED

Correct in every detail—Silk Faced.—Satin Linings—Silk Braid on Trousers. Made from an All Wool Vicuna. Faultlessly Tailored. Specially priced at $37.50.

Quality, Service, Value.

THE ROBINSON CO.

LIMITED

We close at 10 p.m. Saturdays. Other days at 5.30 p.m.